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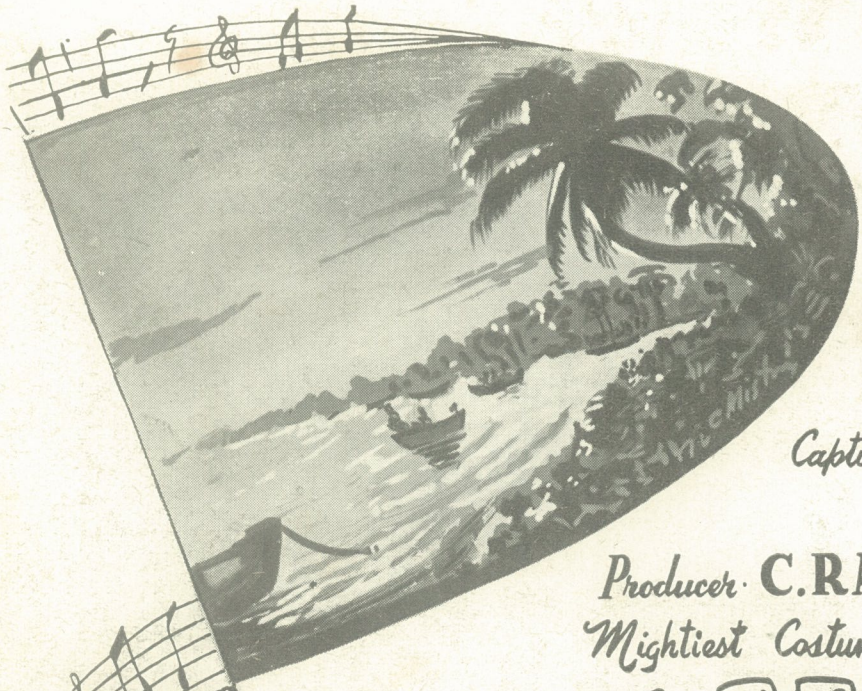
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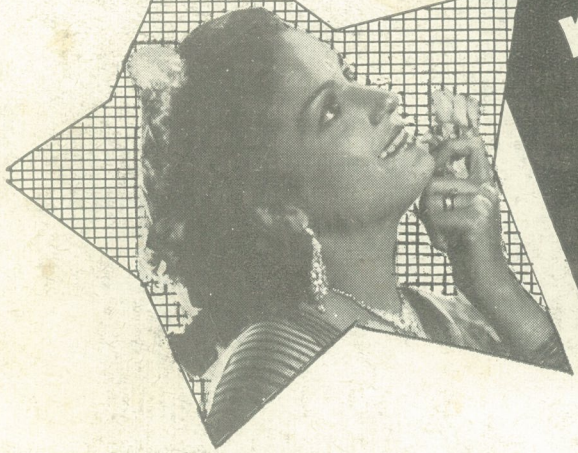

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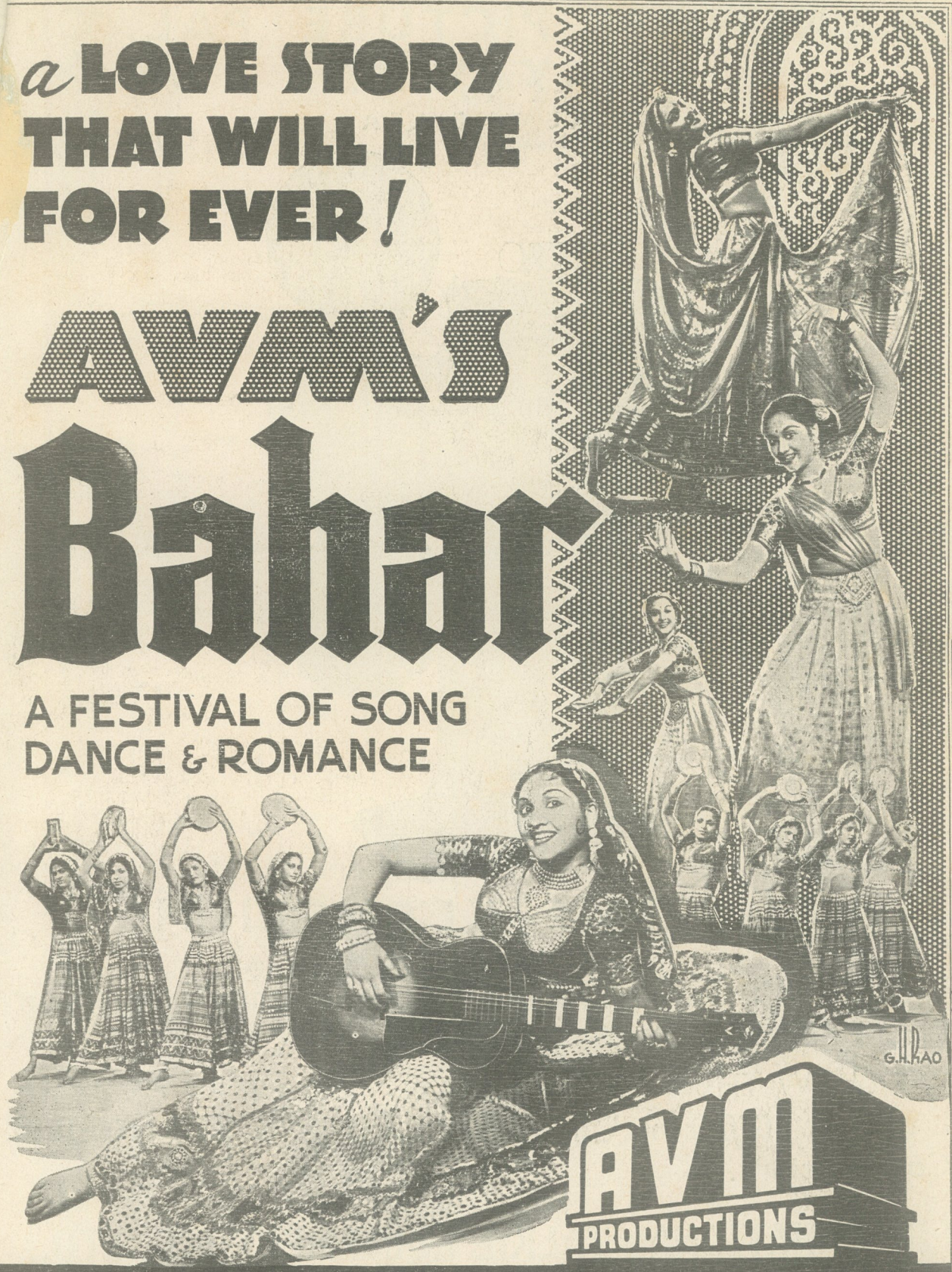

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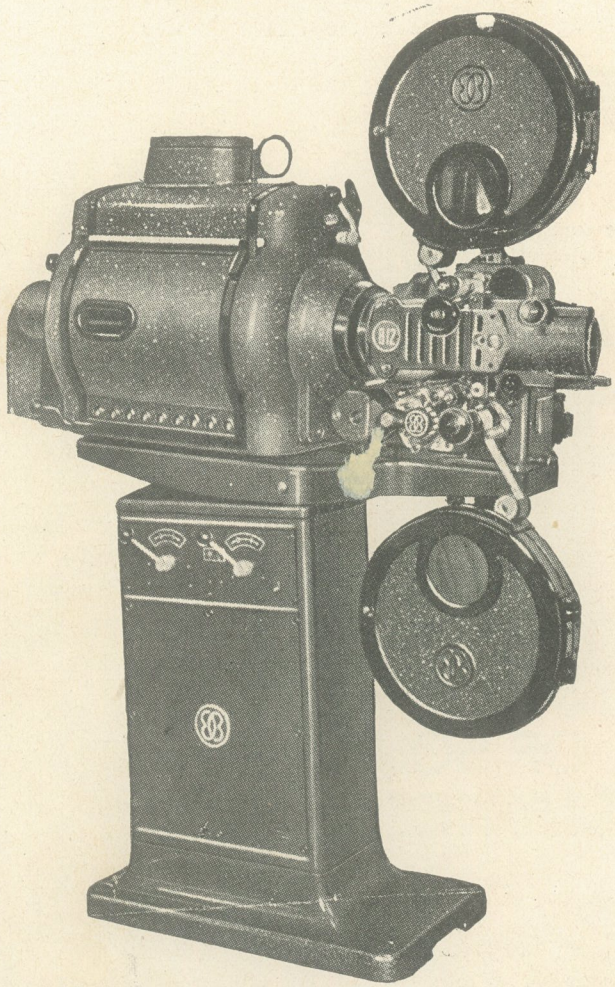

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Food For Fifty Two ?

My heart is Congress but my stomach is Communist. And because a Communist is more dangerous than a white-capped Congressman, I am always afraid of my stomach overpowering my heart and taking full control of my life some day. I therefore work hard every da to feed my stomach so that I can always remain a Con gressman.

I am anxious to remain a Congressman because I am doped by Pandit Nehru's daily speeches assuring me that only white-capped Congressmen can bring a brilliant future to our country. It is natural that I should want to share this brilliant future as a free citizen. But on the 2½ seers of dirty rice and wheat which I get per week my prospects of living till my country attains her brilliant future are not very rosy. I am, therefore, a citizen in a hurry to share the promised brilliant future on a full stomach as soon as possible. This hurry creates anxiety and anxiety gives me a red stomach that cries for food, good and enough.

Two years ago I was a bit happier than now even though my stomach was as empty and red. I had then the grand company of 400 million Chinese who I was told lived on much less than I did and died in greater numbers than did my countrymen. This sad plight of the Chinese, who ate rats and snakes and still starved, comforted me a lot. Like all human beings, though I sympathized with the Chinese in their distress, I got a strange satisfaction in being better off than those unfortunate wretches. Sometimes when I suddenly got a few extra ounces of grain per week due too some miscalculation in our Food Ministry, I definitely pitied the Chinese.

But now I am denied even this vicarious comfort because during the last two years, the Communist Government in China not only fed their 400 million rat and snake eating Chinese but also sold 50,000 tons of rice to India and agreed to give us another 400,000 tons. That upset my digestion completely and when Comrades Ahmed Abbas and Rusi Karanjia recently returned from China singing praises of this wonderful land and her well-fed people, I started getting spasms in my empty stomach.

And one must believe these two pen-pushing comrades when you see millions of Chinese soldiers marching all over China, Tibet and Korea and particularly so when you remember the adage attributed to Napoleon that an army marches on its stomach.

With the Chinese silver lining thus torn out of my hungry stomach, I have once again to fall back upon our white-capped Congress leaders to reduce the inflammation inside. All the Congress promises for the future are printed from day to day in our newspapers and I often take courage by reading them. On the food front I always expect Food Minister Munshi to give his seasonal promise which releases some alkaline saliva and thus reduces the corroding acidity of an empty stomach.

But on the 10th of December all my hopes were dashed to pieces.

Fresh from the Food and Agricultural Conference of the U. N. O. held in Rome and full of Italian macaroni, Food Minister Munshi callously forecast a grim future for India for the next two years on the food front. He said India and Japan were the two problem countries with food shortage—China is no longer one—and that while Japan imported 3 million tons of food grains per year, India imported 5 million tons.

Like millions of others I had also swallowed Pandit Nehru's assurances of self-sufficiency in food by 1950 and knowing that words take time to grow, I have patiently waited for self-sufficiency in food till the end of 1951.

And now Munshi tells us that we have still two grim and worse years to go through and Munshi should know better because he is our Food Minister. But Munshi should also tell us why we are in such a tragic plight after four years of freedom when the Chinese Government have restored the natural shape of 400 million human bellies within two years of Communism?

And the Chinese did this miracle without slogans and campaigns like "Grow more food", "Miss a meal a week", "Eat cereals at Annapoorna" "Vanamahotsava" etc.

With Pandit Nehru rushing like a mad man all over the country and asking every one between heaven and earth to vote for the Congress, I haven't the heart to stop our smiling Prime Minister and ask him about my food prospects in the next two years. He might fill me with words and I might lose all appetite for food for the next two years.

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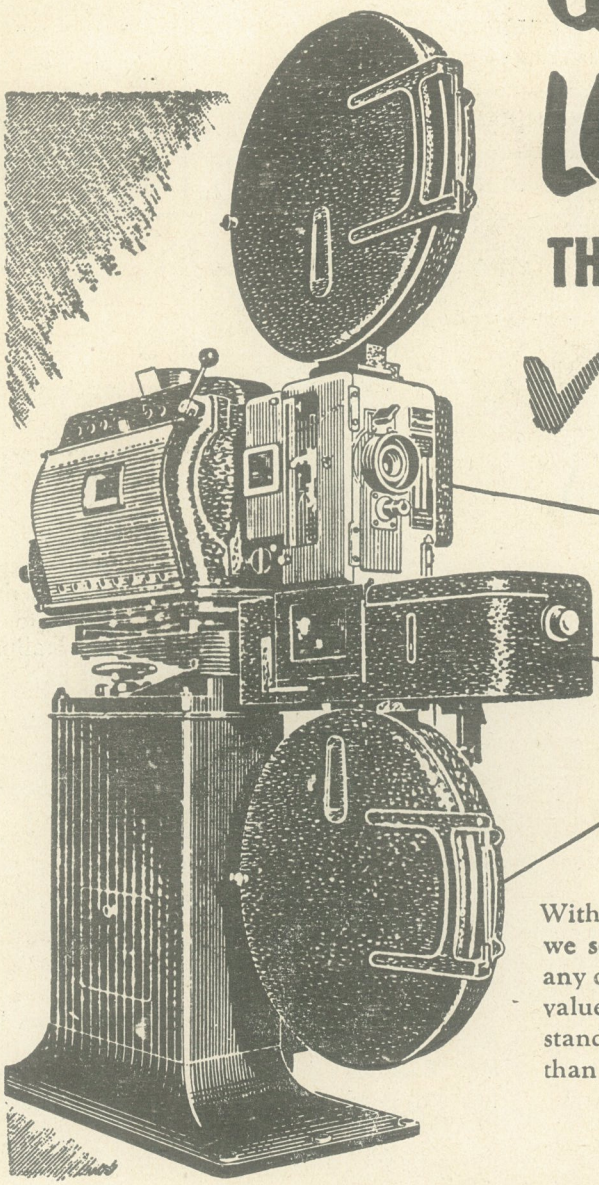

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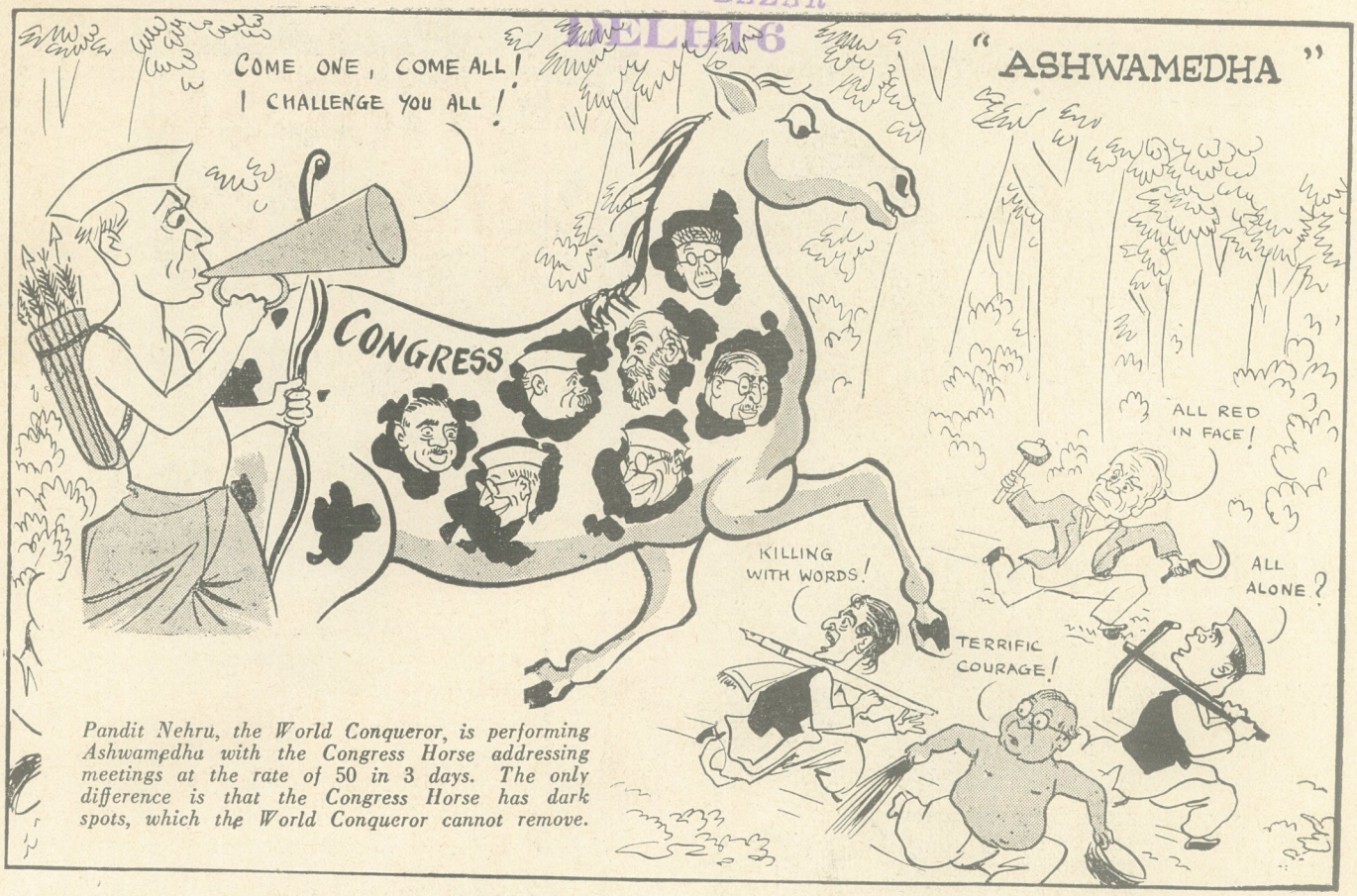


Pandit Nehru, the World Conqueror, is performing Ashwamedha with the Congress Horse addressing meetings at the rate of 50 in 3 days. The only difference is that the Congress Horse has dark spots, which the World Conqueror cannot remove.

But since Pandit Nehru can not be disturbed with such a trifling problem as food for our 350 millions, let us at least find out for ourselves where all the food we once had and some that we still grow has gone?

With Burma gone out of the Indian Empire, we lost rice that once met the 20% deficit of rice in Bengal.

With the partition of India, Pakistan took away Punjab, the granary of India, and robbed us of wheat and cotton. East Pakistan took away all our jute, leaving only the jute mills in West Bengal.

Free India therefore not only started its new career with the shortage of rice, wheat, cotton and jute, but also with the shortage of money.

Today we have five surplus states: Madhya Pradesh, The Punjab, Pepsu, Orissa and Assam; two self-sufficient states: U. P. and Madhya Bharat and ten deficit states: Bombay, Madras, Mysore, Travancore-Cochin, Saurashtra, Hyderabad, Rajasthan, Himachal Pradesh, Bihar and West Bengal.

Because four-fifths of our agriculture depends on the monsoon, our white-capped Congressmen have been in a hurry to harness the waters of our rivers for agricultural purposes and grow food as quickly as possible. They, therefore, undertook a number of river and valley schemes but due to corruption and inexperience we have lost millions in these enterprises without growing a grain of rice or wheat yet.

Because we lost cotton and jute our government decided to be self-sufficient not only in food grains but also in cotton and jute. Our government controlled the prices of food grains but allowed free adventure in cash crops like cotton and jute with the result that a large acreage of land that once grew food grains was diverted to cash-crops like jute and cotton—money being as important as food to the cultivators.

The "Grow More Food" campaign therefore failed to grow more food. It grew cotton and jute which human beings could not eat. And cotton and jute, increased the profits of multimillionaires like Birla, Dalmia and Sarabhai.

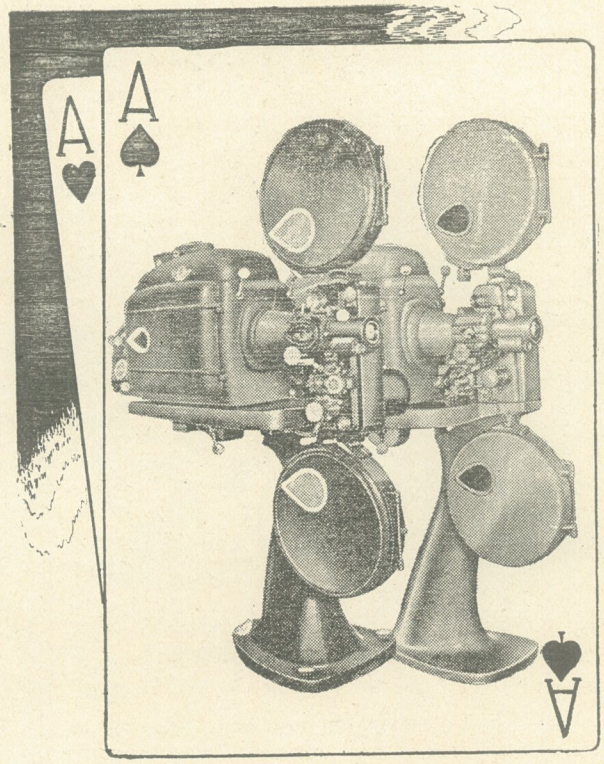
Nehru once shouted about our food problem being treated on a war footing and talked of equality of sacrifice and government executives soon intensified their food procurement and distribution activities. But we had not enough transport facilities and the food never reached Bihar where, according to Government statistics, only six people died of starvation while thousands died looking at these six dead bodies.

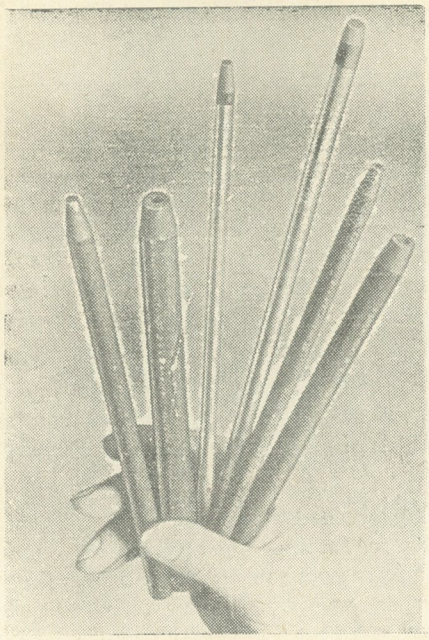
Munshi inaugurated two Vanamahotsavas to dramatize his role as India's Food Minister and in doing so murdered millions of trees in their infancy. The cost in rupees also ran into millions. And having failed miserably to grow or get food for our starving millions, the little dramatist has now the impudence to tell us to "Grow More Heroic Hearts" on red and hungry stomachs.

THE PAIR

THAT IS

Incomparable





BUT THE TRIO

THAT IS

Invincible

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Our whole food problem has thus been turned into a damn criminal farce by these white-capped theatrical mimickers. It is a farce in which millions are spent every year and millions die every year.

White-capped Congressmen claim a monopoly of all patriotism but in doing so look after neither our people nor our land. Soil erosion continues without any check. People have been living on the few upper inches of our once rich soil for years. Thousands of acres change their complexion from fertile to marginal and marginal to waste land every year. We are staging Vanamahotsava comedies while our forests have been going through the tragedy of deforestation for years.

In an essentially agricultural country like India we are living on food shopping. Our foreign food bill comes to 80 crores of rupees per year and yet no one gets enough to eat. We spend 100 crores a year on our friendship with Sheikh Abdullah. While thousands died of starvation in Bihar, not one Kashmiri of Sheikh Abdullah missed even his breakfast.

We have wasted over 100 crores in the Prohibition experiment so far and in Bombay the State Government has no money even to pay a little increase in salary to 85,000 starving school teachers.

Because of our secular brotherhood, inside and outside our country, we spend nearly 40% of our annual revenue in maintaining an army. Our army eats and excretes regularly without any work to do. We could ask our sappers and miners to plant trees in our forests; we could ask our soldiers to make roads, build bunds and cultivate fields. But we don't like to hurt them. We therefore let them drink liquor to get a good appetite and let them eat well to remain strong and then make them tramp up and down every morning to move their bowels. India has an army in which there is not a single case of constipation.

Usha Kiran, a talented artiste, plays another good role in "Daag" produced and directed by Amiya Chakravarty for Mars and Movies.

In a "to be or not to be" mood, Nasir Khan makes "Shisham" produced by Ram Idnani of Aneel Pictures an interesting picture.

We imported chemicals and manure worth crores to increase the fertility of our soil but hungry administrative officers ate most of the manure leaving little for our poor soil.

Somehow whatever we bought for one purpose has been used for another during the last four years of our freedom. And we dare not call all this corruption because when we do so we accuse Pandit Nehru of dishonesty, seeing that he has personally assumed full responsibility for all that has happened in our country during the last four years.

While new acts in our national tragedy are being enacted, the nation's hungry stomach suffers in pain and spasms and is daily getting redder and redder. All we get is another dismal forecast for two years more from our theatrical Food Minister. But our white-capped masters will do well to remember that like me millions say today: "My heart is Congress but my stomach is Communist".

Baburao Patel.

NIHAL FILM CORPORATION,

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Bombay Calling

This section is the monopoly of "JUDAS" and he writes what he likes and about things which he likes. The views expressed here are not necessarily ours, but still they carry weight because they are written by a man who knows his job.

PORTUGUESE PIRATES IN INDIA !

A white man, to whatever corner of the world he may belong, is always a nuisance to the rest of the human race and a danger to peace in the world.

The story of the white man is a long history of the world—a history of conflicts, conquests, exploitation, despotism, imperialism and innumerable shameful episodes of venom and vendetta. And the price for all these disgraceful exhibitions of greed, power and ambition has always been paid by the coloured races of the world.

Going through world history since the first white man became conscious of his white skin and discovered a racial superiority in the pigment of his skin, one is forced to the conclusion that unless the white man is wiped out from the world, there will be no lasting peace on earth.

And this thesis is well illustrated these days by what is happening in Goa with a small crowd of white-skinned Portuguese rulers practising colonial imperialism over 8,00,000 coloured Indians.

Portuguese India consists of 1537 square miles of Indian territory divided into three small pockets called Goa, Diu and Damao. It is populated by over 8,00,000 Indians, sons of our soil, who are ruled by a white-skinned Portuguese Governor-General with about 150 white-skinned administrative officers and about 1500 uniformed white men in police, naval and military services. Recently, quite a few Portuguese air pilots have also been seen sauntering in the streets of Panjim, the capital of Goa.

As long as their white cousins, the British, ruled India, the Portuguese rulers of Portuguese India sat quiet like so many European antiques in an Indian museum. But as soon as India became a free nation and the white-skinned cousins left our shores, these Portuguese antiques came to life and began to scowl at us.

Taking advantage of the power game passionately enacted these days between Communism and the so-called Democracies and relying on the dilatory tactics of the United Nations Organisation, the white-skinned Portuguese in India have been giving quite a few vulgar exhibitions of colonial imperialism in Goa during the last four years of our freedom.

Several new air-bases in Goa financed by the Democracies and the screaming anti-Indian propaganda done by the Radio Goa these days, can be best explained by our politicians. Nor are we directly concerned with the recent Portuguese order to scrap all sign-boards in Indian languages on hotels, restaurants, shops and other public places and repaint them in the Portuguese language which hardly a hundred Indians out of the 8,00,000 can read and write. And the other insulting and offensive order to remove all the photographs of Indian leaders like Gandhiji, Nehru, Netaji and others from all shops and homes, we leave to the self-respect of the Indian National Congress which claims to have won freedom for India.

But we must take notice of the order: Diploma Legislativo No. 1.375 of 17th May 1951 whereby the Government of Goa describe all films shown in Portuguese Indian territories as foreign and insist on all such films having Portuguese sub-titles, without which, the exhibition of such films is banned in the Portuguese Indian territories.

The penalties prescribed for breach of this Diploma are: a fine ranging from Rs. 10|- to Rs. 100|- for negligence; a fine ranging from Rs. 50|- to Rs. 400|- for fraud and a fine of Rs. 800|- and 30 days' imprisonment in case of persistency.

The six-month period given to the exhibitors to take necessary steps to enforce the Diploma expired on 16th November 1951. Since that day exhibition of Indian films in Goa without Portuguese sub-titles is a penal offence.

In a colony of 8,00,000 Indians with Konkani, Marathi and Hindustani as the only spoken languages,

Miss Ellen Corby, Hollywood artiste in "Monsoon", recently visited India with her mother Mrs. Hansen (extreme left). They were guests of Mrs. Sushila Rani Patel when in Bombay and together they beat Pandit Nehru in word output for the month.

this Portuguese Diploma must be called a strange enactment. If this law gives an advantage to the floating population of about 2000 white-skinned Portuguese, it confers a distinct disadvantage on the 8,00,000 Indian people living in the Portuguese territories apart from the handicap placed on the Indian film industry which can not afford to print Portuguese sub-titles for a small market like Goa.

The Portuguese Government know fully well that Indian producers cannot afford to cater specially for the Portuguese Indian market by putting sub-titles as required by the Diploma and ultimately all Indian films must stop going to Portuguese India and with the films must stop the racial and cultural influence of India in the Portuguese territories.

So the Diploma is not so innocent a measure as it seems to be on the surface. It has a distinct political edge designed to cut the ancient racial and cultural link between Indians in Goa and their compatriots in India.

The white-skinned Portuguese are on the war-path. They are in a hurry to take the greatest advantage of our peace-laden foreign policy. And in their unholy hurry to hold their colonial kingdom by cultural, racial or even religious conversion the Portuguese do not seem to care for our trades and industries.

Goa has already become the largest godown of illicit goods which flow into our country in defiance of our excise laws. Gold smuggling alone has ruined the stability of our bullion markets all over the country. Hundreds of other imported articles are smuggled into our country every day, robbing our customs and excise of millions of rupees in revenue. Restrictions are put on Indians travelling in Portuguese territories while national-minded Indians in Goa are thrown into jails unceremoniously. The Radio Goa fouls the Indian climate with racial filth and propaganda. Our peace-loving foreign policy is mistaken for weakness and we are defied by this small colony of white-skinned Portuguese. The photographs of our beloved leaders are torn and trampled upon. And all this with 8,00,000 Indians as subjects of Portuguese India and at the hands of 2000 white-skinned adventurers!

There must be a limit to our passion for international peace. If nothing else, self-respect of a free nation of 350 million people must put a limit on our natural desire for peace with our neighbours who choose to add insult to injury in our day to day dealings with them.

How long are we going to endure all these indignities heaped on us by the Portuguese? We fought the British Empire where the sun never set once and got our freedom. The entire population of the Portuguese Republic in Europe is 8,132,942, one-fortieth of the population of India, and Portugal is 3500 miles away from India. That is a poor opposition in distance and numbers. The white man never learns a lesson till he is taught one. And the lesson has to be driven home with the same tools which he uses to enslave and exploit others.

GREEN-EYED MONSTERS !

Years ago when producers from Bombay and Bengal took their Hindustani pictures to the South and shattered the absolute monopoly of Tamil and Telugu pictures enjoyed by the South Indian producers by capturing nearly 60 per cent of their total playing time, the local producers in the South did not behave like cads and hit back by forging unjust restrictions against the invading producers but accepted this competition as an inevitable evidence of progress and like good industrialists who believe in free and fair competition in trade, they decided to improve their own product and increase the scope of their work by producing, when fully equipped, pictures in Hindustani.

The struggle of these producers from the South, condemned to a small provincial market, to obtain recognition as producers in the all-India field is an epic in itself. They had to build big and better studios than their rivals in the North; they had to pay fantastic salaries to induce technicians from the North to go down to the South and work; they were pushed about, misguided and robbed by every one from a make-up man to a machinery dealer. Starting from scratch, they learnt their lessons the hard way and paid the most for it. And like all pioneers with stout hearts, they fell down often but rose again and again till they have reached a position today where they threaten to reverse the tables on their old rivals. A glorious fight of which all our countrymen must be proud.

And some of those pioneers, like K. Subramanyam, B. N. Reddy and S. S. Vasan, who dynamited their way through what once looked like a Himalayan opposition will always be remembered not only as pillars of the South Indian film industry but also as lion-hearted industrial pioneers of a free nation. We salute these pioneers for their spirit and enterprise.

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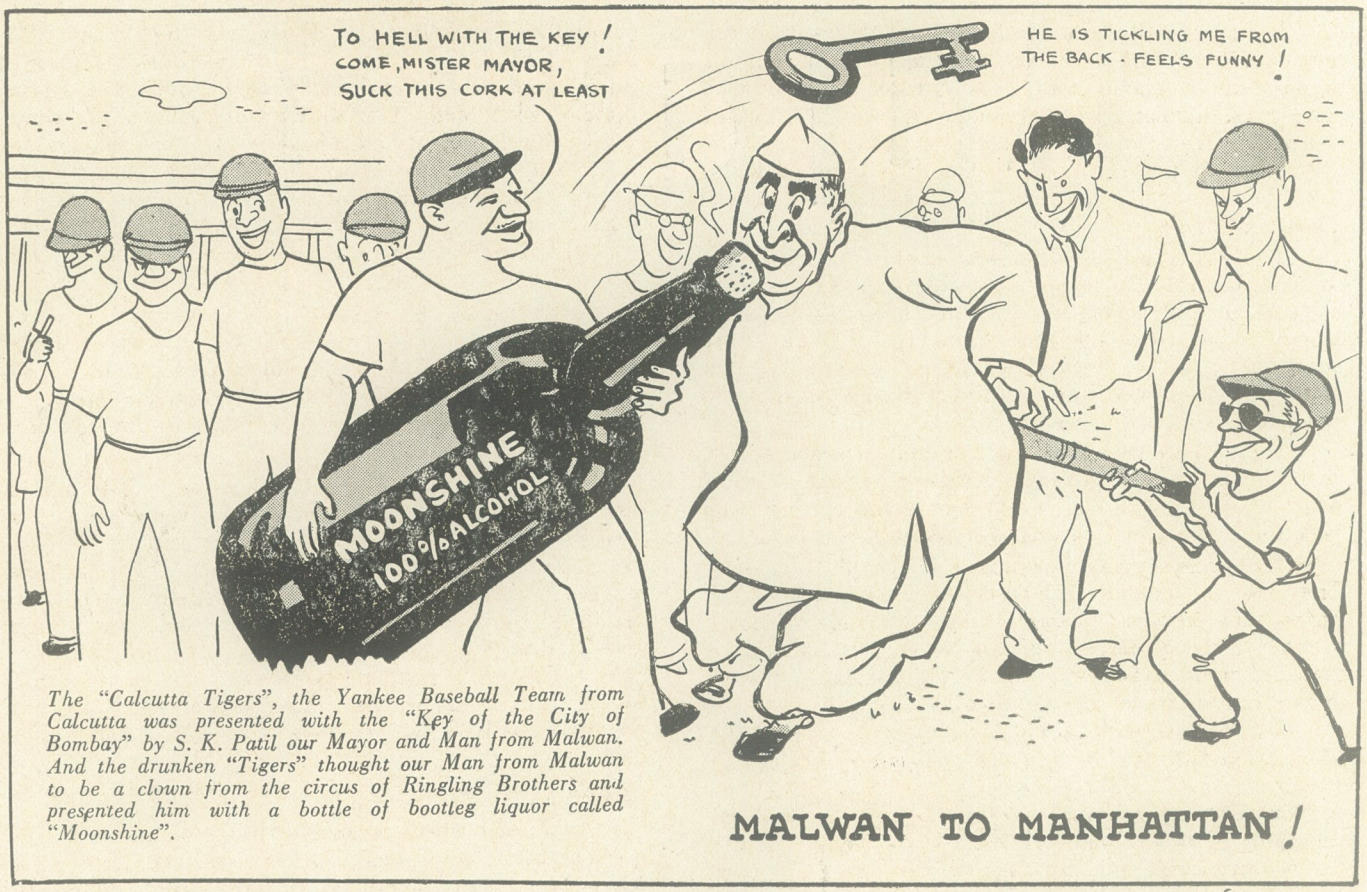

TO HELL WITH THE KEY ! COME, MISTER MAYOR, SUCK THIS CORK AT LEAST
HE IS TICKLING ME FROM THE BACK . FEELS FUNNY !
MOONSHINE
100% ALCOHOL

The "Calcutta Tigers", the Yankee Baseball Team from Calcutta was presented with the "Key of the City of Bombay" by S. K. Patil our Mayor and Man from Malwan. And the drunken "Tigers" thought our Man from Malwan to be a clown from the circus of Ringling Brothers and presented him with a bottle of bootleg liquor called "Moonshine".

MALWAN TO MANHATTAN!

But how are the producers from Bombay and Bengal behaving these days towards their South Indian competitors?

We remember the day when K. Subramanyam brought his first Hindi picture from the South to Bombay no one helped him except "filmindia". Almost every trade interest, in production, distribution, exhibition and even film press, gave a hostile reception to Subramanyam's enterprise and the picture failed and Subramanyam had to go back with his fingers badly burnt.

Subramanyam's failure put the clock back by several years. Gemini's S. S. Vasan, who once flirted with V. Shantaram to produce a picture in cooperation and knocked around the Prabhat Studios in Poona for weeks only to get a rebuff from the lofty Maharastrian producer, felt the pain of Subramanyam's burnt fingers more acutely than did Subramanyam himself. His pride hurt, Vasan decided to plan slowly and carefully.

And when Vasan got ready, he put "Chandralekha" in Hindustani on the all-India market and in doing so he burned the pages of newspapers with big advertisements and littered the streets of India with innumerable posters. No one had ever seen such a gigantic publicity campaign in the history of motion pictures in India. Over a million rupees were spent in telling Indians that Vasan, the South Indian, had produced "Chandralekha" in Hindustani. And the more Vasan shouted about his great picture, the more his rivals in Bombay and Bengal became green with jealousy. They could not stop the storm from the South nor could they stop the people from storming the box-offices of "Chandralekha". They gave him parties and receptions to see the man and when they saw and met the little South Indian wearing a plain shirt and wrapped in a white dhoti, they vainly looked for the bluff and bluster which usually characterize a film producer from the North. Their imagination, however, never reached the level at which wise people recognize intelligence in others.

But Vasan's experiment in production and publicity was fully justified because "Chandralekha" collected nearly two crores of rupees, the highest record ever achieved by a motion picture in India.

One success led to another. After "Chandralekha" came "Nishan" and then came "Mangala"—both great money spinners. And now Vasan's "Sansar" is once again burning the hearts of all producers from Bombay and Bengal. Vasan has changed his subject from picture to picture but not his method of production and publicity.

Vasan's success brought A. V. Meiyappan, another South Indian producer, into the field. With "Bahar" in Hindustani he stormed the box-offices all over India. His publicity is as methodically planned as Vasan's and subject to the limitations of story appeal, the results of his picture have been quite gratifying.

This was too much for the producers from Bombay and Bengal. For every picture from the South storming the box-offices all over India, 20 pictures from Bombay and Bengal were crushed. The producers of these 20 pictures never considered the inherent defects of their

M & T Films Ltd. PRESENT

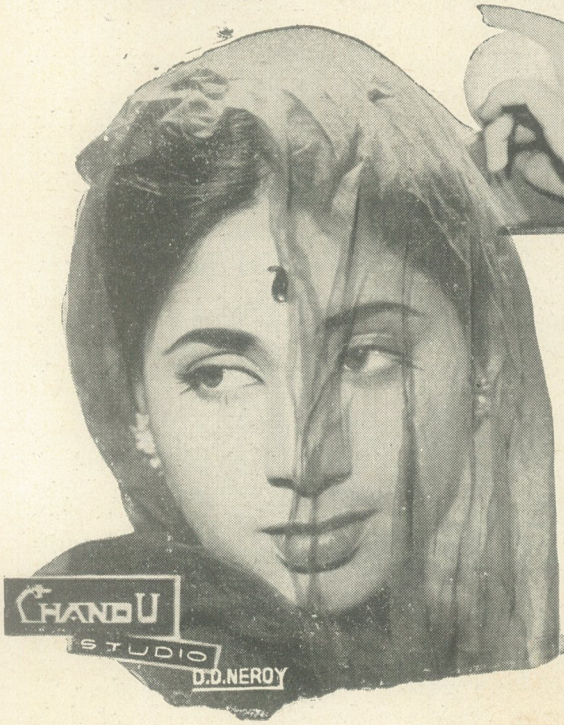
Najaria

Crime Comedy thriller

BY **RAMANAND SAGAR**

Under Personal Supervision

of **SANTOSHI**



Starring

GEETA BALI ★ SAJJAN

DAVID AND BEGUM PARA

Music: **BHOLA SHRETHA**

Direction: **MURTIZA CHANGEZEE**

Contact:— **M. & T. LTD.,** Kurla Road, Andheri.

own productions but put the blame of their failure at the door of the South Indian producers who were accused of burning money in publicity and misguiding and seducing the masses to see their pictures in preference to the trash from the North.

Producer J. B. H. Wadia, who usually displays more courage in stupidity than in sense, fired the first shot last year when he put before the Indian Motion Pictures Producers' Association in Bombay a publicity standardization resolution putting restrictions on advertising space to be used by the producers. A stalwart like Chandulal Shah, who has become grey with jealousy instead of green, supported Wadia's resolution in the hope of cutting short Vasan's enterprising career of success.

But Kishore Sahu, one of our educated producers who believe in free trade and fair competition, rallied together producers who thought like him and defeated Jamshed Wadia's publicity standardization resolution. Neither Wadia nor Chandulal has recovered from this rude shock. Jamshed Wadia is reported to be getting regular nightmares since this crushing defeat and his incoherent mutter thereafter, often reproduced in rags of no consequence, seems to show that the man has become a mental case obsessed by jealousy.

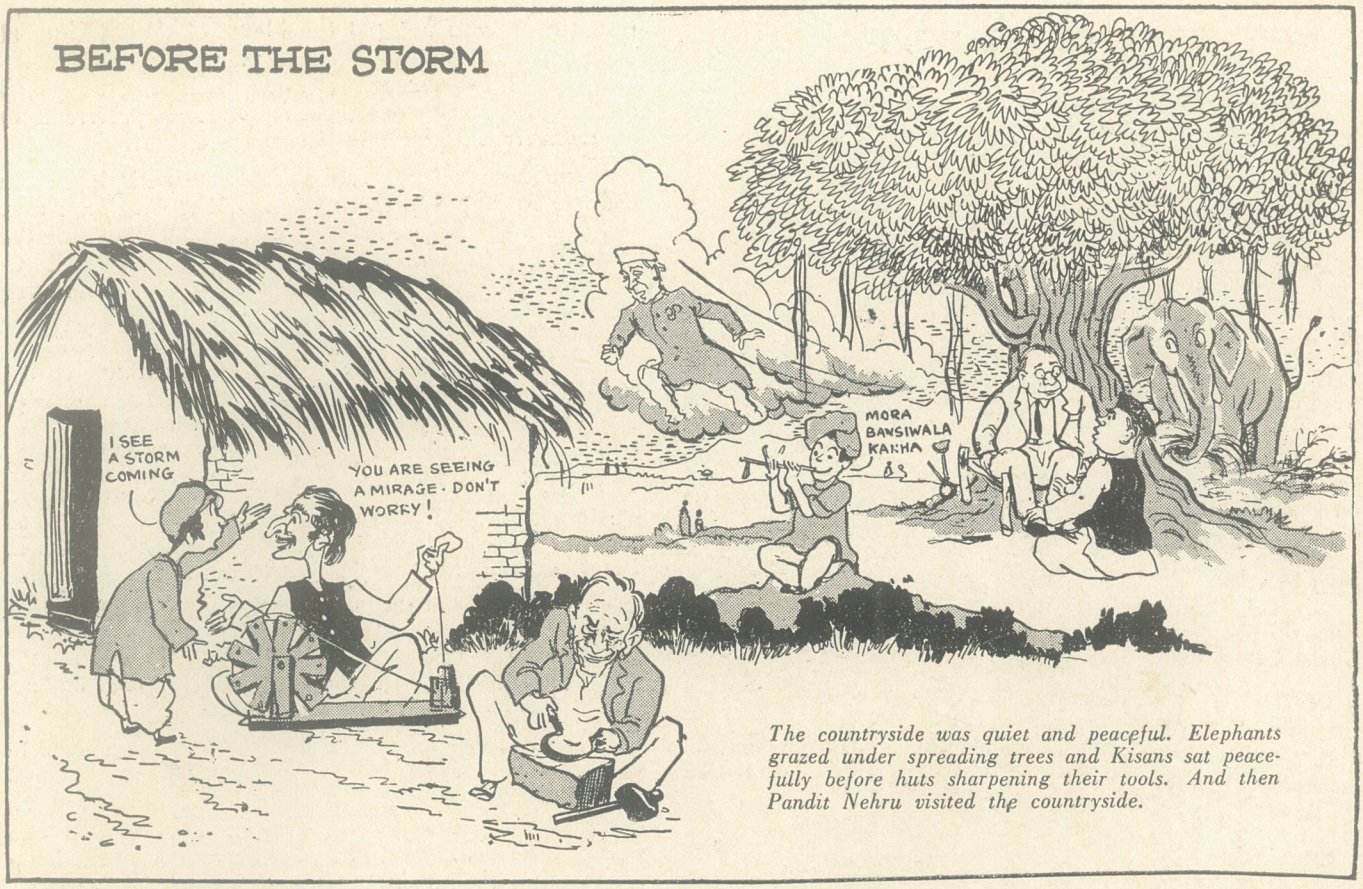
The Bombay infection now seems to have spread to Calcutta where the Executive Committee of the Bengal Motion Picture Association is reported to have revived the year-old publicity standardization resolution and fined the distributors of "Sansar" and "Bahar" Rs. 500/- for violating the same.

Strangely enough this punitive action of enforcing the resolution seems to have begun with the two most successful South Indian pictures, "Sansar" and "Bahar". And Chandulal Shah, the president of I.M.P.P.A. of Bombay, is reported to have wired to the Bengal Motion Picture Association congratulating them for their bold step in punishing the offenders.

Echoes of the hatred and jealousy of producers from Bombay and Bengal against successful South Indian producers are also heard in Delhi where the distributors, probably inspired by their producers in Bombay and Bengal, have also prepared their own 'Magna Carta' standardizing local publicity and are insisting on others to follow their mandate.

This is a strange way of competing with trade rivals and it is a more strange way of behaving with people who years ago allowed Hindustani pictures to gatecrash into their province and disturb their monopoly of local pictures without hitting their new competitors below the belt.

And by what canons of business morality can trade associations like B. M. P. A. in Bengal and I. M. P. P. A. in Bombay be used for furthering dirty designs of individual jealousy and personal vendetta under the cloak of doing general good? Are not these associations intended to promote the interests of its members in their trade activities? How then can these associations be used to curb free trade and fair competition and embarrass the enterprise of some of their members merely because others are unenterprising and some of them are jealous of the unique success of the enterprising ones?



The countryside was quiet and peaceful. Elephants grazed under spreading trees and Kisans sat peacefully before huts sharpening their tools. And then Pandit Nehru visited the countryside.

As far as we understand all trade associations in the world are intended to safeguard the interests of their members, individually and collectively, against interference from outsiders and to seek redress and protection from the government in furtherance of the interests of the trades or industries they represent.

But here in India we have two trade associations, the B. M. P. A. in Bengal and the I. M. P. P. A. in Bombay, which seek to cut short the enterprise of their own members by imposing unworthy restrictions and punitive action.

We do not think this to be a fair and honourable way of meeting the challenge thrown by the South Indian producers in the field of Hindustani pictures. The only way to meet this challenge is to produce better pictures than those that come from South India.

The present unmanly method of hitting the South Indian producers below the belt by imposing unworthy restrictions on them through Associations is to say the least caddish and cowardly.

And that is not how free trade and fair competition should be described in India, whatever people like Jamshed Wadia and Chandulal Shah may think.

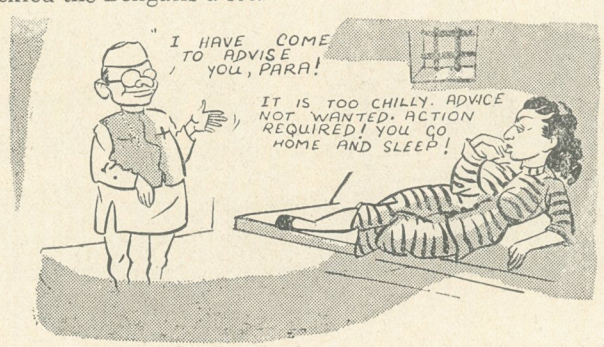
If the I. M. P. P. A., controlled as it is by jealous cliques, does not learn its lesson soon, it will be just and proper for independent and self-respecting producers to get out of this association and form a new one on sound and moral foundations of free and fair trade just as the Indian Film Producers' Association has been recently formed in Bengal under the presidentship of no less a person than one of the elders of the industry, Producer-director Debaki Bose.

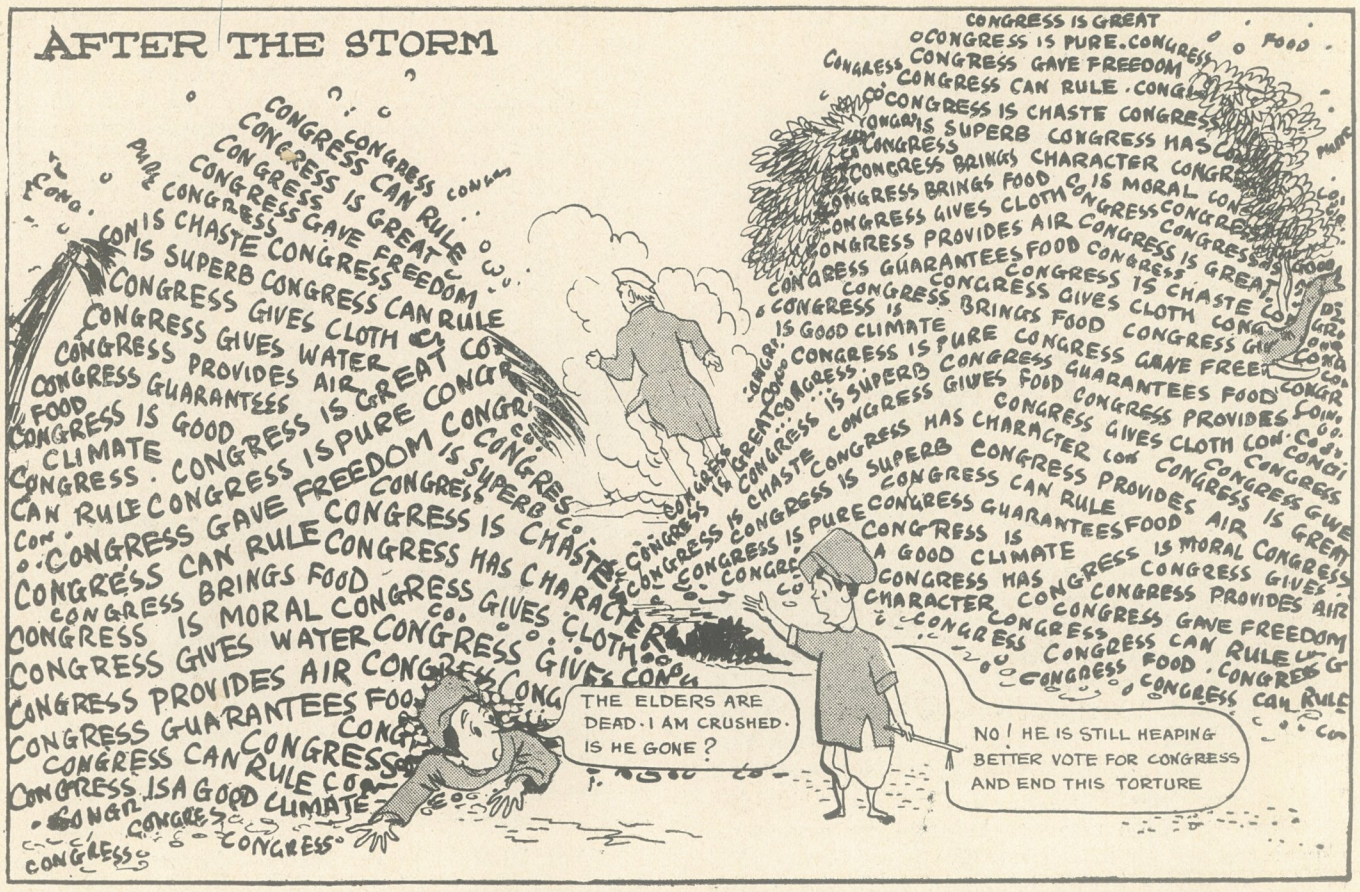
That is the only way left for straightforward, self-respecting producers who do not believe in petty jealousies and dirty designs. Filmindia will welcome and support such an association with all its resources.

YOU'LL HARDLY BELIEVE —

That Protima Dasgupta hit the headlines once again, this time in Calcutta, when she dragged her pal Para out of a studio floor to vindicate an "insult". The "insult" of course, was a request to let Para work without "family" interruption.

That apart from Protima's personal popularity, Para has also become popular on her own by telling people some Arabian Night stories of her recent jail experience in Bombay and Poona. The dream sequence in the Yeravda jail with Morarji Desai as the villain tickled the Bengalis a lot.




AFTER THE STORM
THE ELDERS ARE DEAD. I AM CRUSHED. IS HE GONE ?
NO ! HE IS STILL HEAPING BETTER VOTE FOR CONGRESS AND END THIS TORTURE

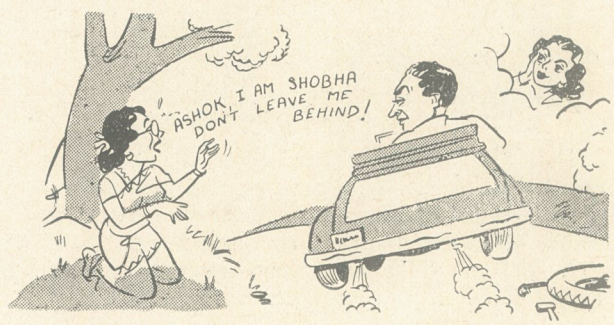
That Producer K. Asif of "Janwar" fame was reported to be enjoying heavenly bliss with Para and Protima in Calcutta. And we always thought that three was a crowd. But then the Quoran allows a string of four in a row.

That Producer K. Asif was in Calcutta because it is easier to get in touch with Pakistan over the Dacca border than from Bombay. They say he has already been in and out twice as a refugee from both Dominions. A new Scarlet Pimpernel, eh? Wonder, whether Pandit Nehru has employed Asif as our new goodwill ambassador?

That Dilip Kumar, our screen's most tragic lover, recently invited a few friends from Indore to dinner and left them sucking their thumbs. Not only did Dilip forget them completely but he also forgot the brand new Chevrolet which his Indore friends had managed to get for him at cost. Some Muslim hospitality!

That after the above event Producer Mehboob rushed Dilip to a Parsi psychiatrist—the same chap who forgot his car at the post office and then reported it as stolen at the police station—who diagnosed Dilip's case as serious and prescribed immediate marriage. But Dilip thinks marriage to be merely some company in bed.

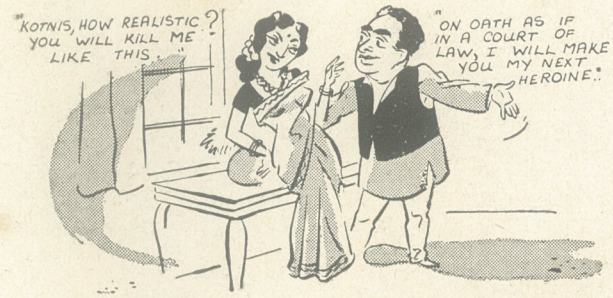
That Dilip is not the only one suffering from this glamorous forgetfulness. Ashok Kumar is reported to be almost a prize-boy at the game the way he drove away once after changing his car tyre, leaving his wife sitting under a tree. Like Kishore Sahu in "Kali Ghata", he probably saw Nalini in front of his car.



That Ashok's absent-mindedness has dangerous possibilities working as he is with Nalini Jaywant, a married actress, in several pictures simultaneously and himself being a married man. Ashok already has a secretary who tells him which studio to go to every

morning. He had better keep another man who would take him to the right home every evening.

That Sandhya, the new actress, confesses having fainted after seeing Shantaram's "Dr. Kotnis" on the screen. She was taken home in a taxi and the incident was reported to Shantaram. That got her the heroine's role in "Amar Bhoopali". That is a pointer for other girls.



That Akhtar Hussein, brother of film actress Nargis, also organised a film football farce recently between "Rising Stars" and "Setting (I beg your pardon "Shining") Stars" and collected some money for usual purposes. But the crowds cried for the football which Karan Dewan had used on Jayashree in "Dahej". The beggars did not know that the football has become an heirloom in the "V" family and can not be kicked about without its goal in view.

That exhibition seems to have become a game of clowning at the Metro and yet "The Great Caruso" had to sing to empty houses inspite of half-a-dozen silly suckers like Bright Brothers, Western Electric, Super Cleaners, Jayem's Engineering, Shangrilla Biscuits, Liberty Shirts etc. trying to sell poor Caruso to the Bombay public. Biscuits, tooth brushes, shirts and even dirty linen could not fill the theatre. Poor Lee Camern! Why not put some dignity in showmanship and maintain the world-wide tradition of M. G. M.?

"BRING YOUR BISCUITS OR BRING YOUR BRUSHES; BRING YOUR LINEN, OR BRING YOUR LUSHES; BRING YOUR HONEY AND SHELL OUT SOME MONEY FOR THE GREAT CARUSO-O-O-O"
METRO
THE GREAT CARUSO
M. STOREY.

That film actress Mehtab does not only like the horse she has been riding but has also become so fond of Jimmy Bharucha, her riding instructor, that there is a chance of Jimmy getting a leading role in "Jhansi-Ki-Rani". It is always good to have an expert by your side in riding shots. It prevents accidents.

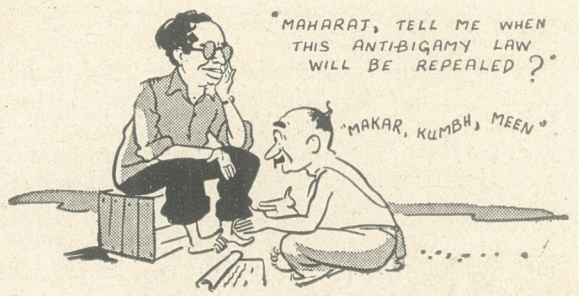
That to prove that he is a good Muslim who likes our secular sunshine, M. Nazir, the midget publisher, also threw a party in honour of Vyjayantimala, the Flame of the South, but somehow could not succeed in getting rid of Shanti Kumar, the fat Gujarati director, who haunted the star like an old family ghost.

That having at last completed "Awara", despite his father, Raj Kapoor distributed sweeets and gave a five-rupee note to each member of his unit with a promise to give a substantial bonus next year. Let us hope this bonus does not go the way the one that was promised by Chandulal Shah went. The Ranjit boys are still paying interest on the loans they took against that bonus from the Marwaris.

That Prem Nath, the Tarzan of the Parsis, went all the way to Jubbulpore and repeated his lines from "Badal" and asked film actors to contest the elections and become members of the Parliament. But which film actors did Tarzan find in Jubbulpore?

That having aborted in this manner, he insulted Pandit Nehru by going to an astrologer, the one recommended by our midget Yashodhara, and asked him about the future of his nose.

That Director Kedar Sharma also rushed to this palmist-astrologer and so did Jagdish Sethi, himself the world's greatest astrologer—you know the man who predicted Shyam's death after he died. It is now Chandulal's turn to go to this guy.

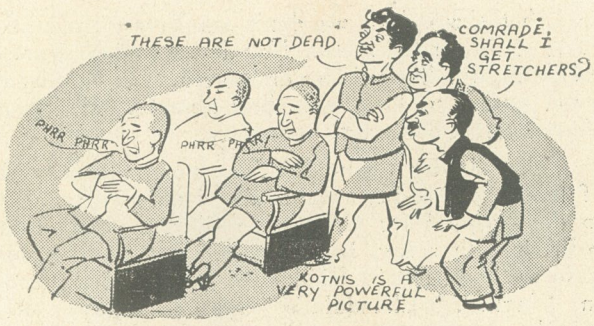


That Allah Bux (that is another version of Khuda Bux) the father of actress Meena Kumari, has purchased a lounge suit and a felt hat—obvious proof of his daughter's greater success. As the suit and the hat remain on the man morn, noon and night, Meena Kumari's problem is how to send the old man to bed. Allah Bux has been standing for nearly a month now and collecting inquisitive crowds.

That Comrade Abbas took the Chinese Delegation right to his home to show the Chinese how badly he was housed by our secular state and gave them some "shami kababs" to eat to prove how badly Indians are starved by the Americans. And now Abbas will write a book called "Dinner with the Chinese Delegation" and V. Shantaram will make a film version of it.

That the Chinese Delegation also saw a number of

Indian films selected by Comrade Abbas and Comrade Prithviraj at the Central Studios. But before they finished seeing Shantaram's "Dr. Kotnis", the Delegates were found snoring and could not be woken up till next morning.



That some of our Bombay Jews seem to be very unhappy over the secular democracy of our State, the way they have taken to the Chinese way of life. Baldy David, our Jewish actor, actually presided over a function celebrating the glorious return from China of Ahmed Abbas, Russi Karanjia and Raja Hutheesingh and promised to take his weight-lifting team to China next year. Hope David brings back full particulars of Mao Tse Tung's military snatch.

That another Jewish journalist—white-haired of course—saw "The White Haired Girl", a film shown by the Chinese Delegation and went crazy over the girl, while Comrade Abbas lost his temper with William Dieterle for directing "Peking Express" and sending it to Bombay just at a time when Comrade Abbas was busy describing the Chinese paradise to Indians.

Wasti and Nigar make an attractive romantic team in "Hyderabad", a social story produced by New Voice Pictures.

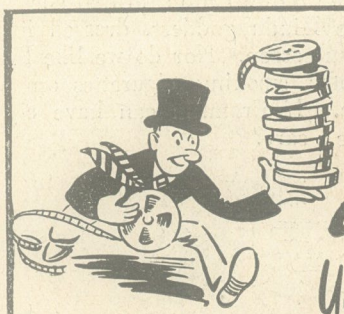
That Lady Dhanvanti Ram Rao speaking before the "Progressive" Group at the Radio Club said that she did not like to see Sita, the Hindu goddess, dressed in a Benarsi sari on the Indian screen. Nor do we like Pramilla, the Lady's daughter, smoking cigarettes on the Mahaluxmi Race Course. If Pramilla can have cigarettes, why can't Sita have a sari?

That Peace Kanwal Andrews, the Kardar prize-girl with Kolynos tooth paste, easily picked up Italian (not a man but the language) within a fortnight in Rome and also taught a few words to that Nepali sissy-looking Rana. It is now easy for Kardar to produce an Italian version of a Hollywood picture.

That Red Robin Mulk Raj Anand stretched his humour a bit too much at the London Airport when he told the Customs that he was carrying in his bag: "Two Atom bombs, one hydrogen bomb and some dynamite". Result: he was stripped and searched.

That with the horses running on the Mahaluxmi race tracks, we see Zeb Qureishi and other ex-actresses back on the turf again. And the way smart little Zeb runs between the tote and the stands, bookies have now begun to accept time-bets on her gallops.

That Mazrul Huq, Begum Para's brother and Zeb's husband—the man who once got seven months for kidnapping, keeps the bookies guessing with his big bets



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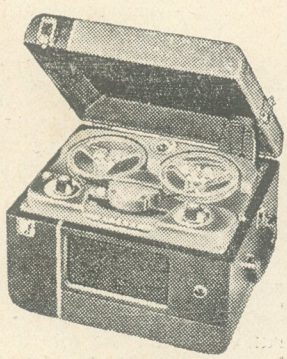


FILM CLUB
National House, Apollo Bunder.
BOMBAY.

as also some members of the Club who feel hurt when they see Mazhar enjoying all the privileges of the Members' Enclosure. But then there are so many other visitors better qualified than Mazhar that one really need not be so snobbish.

That these days we don't see Veera, the walking Parsi statue, at the races. Nor do we find Veeraswamy collecting tips like pebbles on the sea. Let us pray they won't punish us long with their absence. We do miss Veera's statue between the two totes.

That Sardar Chandulal Shah gave a charity show of "Hum Log" and as usual made friends pay Rs. 11,000/- to the Hospital for Crippled Children. The drop in collection, they say, is due to the fact that Chandulal gave a "bhashan" in Hindustani instead of a "lecture" in "Inglis". Chandulal's "Inglis" always attracts crowds.

That after the success of "Hum Log", Director Zia Sarhady has decided to produce a picture called "Footpath", showing our ministers the way to solve the housing problem. The next one after that is likely to be "Gutter Girl", solving probably the sex-problem on streets. That at this rate the old Sardar will soon become an Indian Stalin.

That Dilip Kumar seems to have become a professional cricketer these days the way he has been teaching film girls how to play cricket. That having taught Nimmi how to handle a bat straight, he is now teaching Maya, a little dancer, how to meet a leg-break ball.

That during the outdoors of "Aan" at Igatpuri, Dilip taught Nimmi how to play on the matted wicket, trained Maya in handling a bat and gave some boxing lessons to Nadira, which brought tears from her eyes. A sportsman all round!

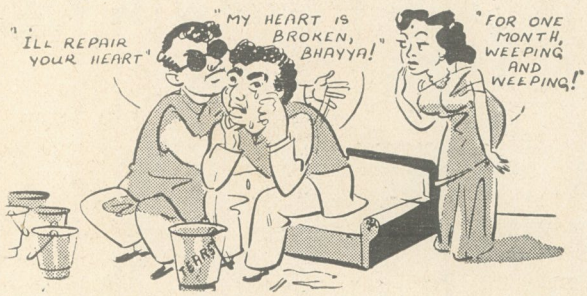
That with "Sansar" and "Bahar" storming the box-offices, Bombay producers are consulting witch-doctors these days. They not only want to finish Vasan and Meiyappan but also scare the audience with witchcraft.

That when they could not stop Vasan from advertising his "Sansar" as he liked in Bombay, they put restrictions on his publicity in Delhi. But what the newspapers could not tell, people screamed and "Sansar" is running better than expected in the Delhi circuit.

That the little Mistry Brothers—Jal and Fali—like little things of life in a little way with little fuss. And Jal thinks little Nimmi gives a little flutter to a little heart with a little smile while Fali is happy with that little coquette Shyama. And all this will make little holes in the heart when little things part, as they must some day.

That "gentle" Jamsu, who once had M. N. Roy for an "intellectual" dinner, is wild with some of the movie moghuls for gagging his views on China. These producers do not know that it is a fundamental law of health that foul matter must go out one way or other.

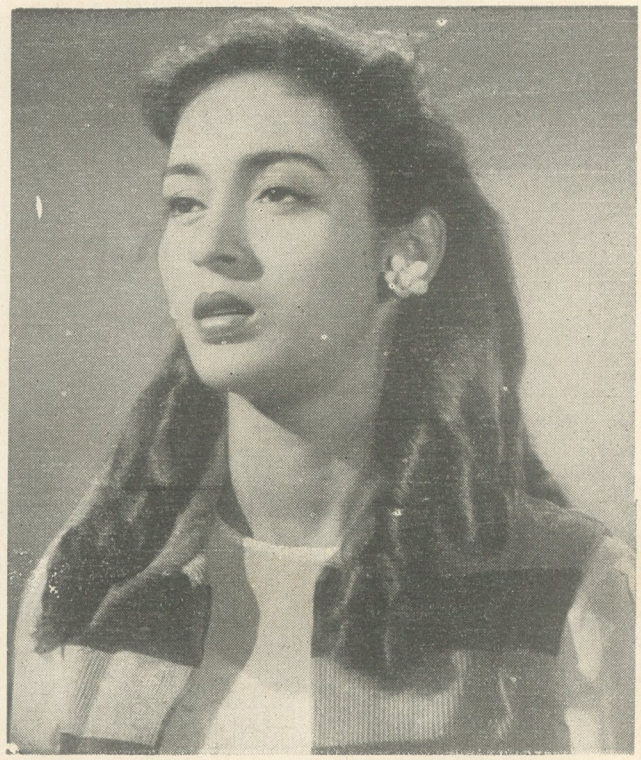
That film actor Karan Dewan has been weeping for a month now and filling buckets after buckets with tears. The boy is touched because Brother Jaimini's picture "For Ladies Only" brought neither men nor women to the theatre.



That marriage-brokers in Germany make attractive talking films of prospective brides with all curves and contours emphasized and show them to the would-be bridegrooms to give them their correct assessment of their life partners. In the Indian film industry people like to taste the stuff too.

That some of our film stars who had seen William Shakespeare himself performing his stage plays did not approve of Eric Elliott's interpretation of Shakespeare at the Excelsior recently. "Shakespeare murdered", "Shakespeare slaughtered", "Shakespeare ridiculed" were some of the comments. As we had not seen old Bill doing it we, of course, liked Eric's plays.

Madhubala and Nasir Khan seem to have found a treasure in "Khazana", an adventure story produced by Bakshi Jung Bahadur and directed by M. Sadiq.



Nutan is fast developing a stellar personality. Here she is in "Hangama", a social story, produced and directed by Ram Kamlani for Gope Productions.

That one Parsi solicitor known for mixing up his "s's" with "sh's" and putting his long nose in every word he utters, described Eric Elliott's diction as "What awful accent! That man doesn't know how to speak English". And we wondered how a man so badly raped could sit through three and a half hours of "Hamlet"!

That Cuckoo, our popular dancer, has recently brought to the screen her little sister called Tuttoo (pony). But why name a girl after a quadruped? Is Tuttoo going to give us some horse-stuff?

That the Bori Bunder Buddhi flew into ecstasy over Mohana's performance in "Sansar". Mohana's main talent lay in coming from Goa from where the Buddhi and her Boar also come. And ours is a secular state!

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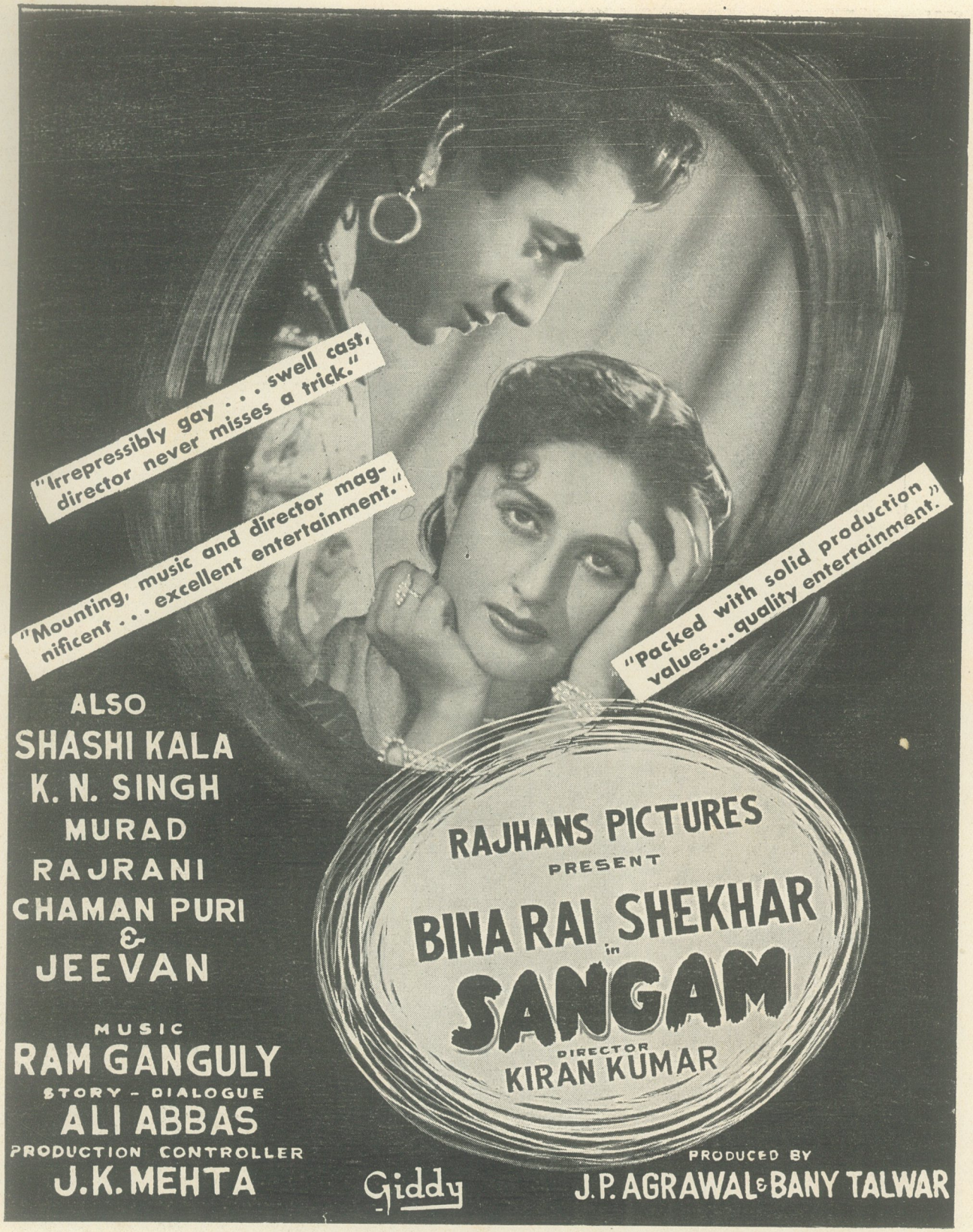

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EDITOR'S MAIL

(In this section, the editor himself replies to queries from the readers. As thousands of letters are received every month—some anxious and several frivolous—it is neither possible nor convenient to attend to all. Selected letters are usually treated in an informative and humorous strain and no offence is meant to anyone.)

G. M. KAPADIA (Billimora)

Who can guide women of Pakistan better: Begum Liaquat or Miss Jinnah?

These widows of politics like Begum Liaquat, Miss Jinnah, Miss Maniben Patel lead none once they lose the men in whose reflection they build their shadowy personality. The U. N. O. should set aside an annex for these political widows to exercise their throats at regular intervals and elect Mrs. Roosevelt as their first president.

INTERNATIONAL POLITICAL WIDOWS
ORDER! ORDER LADIES!
SO WHAT YOU CAT?
I AM THE SISTER OF THE FOUNDER OF PAKISTAN
BUT MY HUSBAND BUILT IT

Is it true that Munshi, our Food Minister, takes food only once a week?

A food minister can't work on a weekly winding. He requires more energy for lying.

CALOO MANDAPA (Mercara)

Can you forecast the next President of India?

If they want an old cocoanut that can flavour many dishes, they must elect Babu Rajendra Prasad again. If they want a spicy salad they must take the old Fox of Salem.

S. C. SINHA (Indore)

What "itis" is Kamini Kaushal suffering from?

Lactitis! That is a popular female disease, symptoms of which sleep in cradles.

What is the best religion for changing wives rapidly?

Islam! Marriage takes half-an-hour and divorce requires half a minute. If the supply is available, you can have an unending variety without wasting time in legal formalities.

What has Congress given us during these four years of freedom?

A yearning sigh for our old slavery!

MISS K. SAVITRI (Poona)

On which vitamins does love survive?

"B" in the beginning and "C" in the ultimate.

Do Americans play cricket?

No! They play baseball and like to hold the bases often in a base manner.

Does a woman with no children, in these days, deserve a salute?

She deserves a statue.

S. R. BHARDWAJ (Simla Hills)

The British hold that the natives of Iran would not have developed their resources of oil without English aid. Is that argument justified?

There would have been no British on the soil without the oil. I think the oil has been slightly more important in this case.

MRS. T. S. MENON (Ernakulam)

I have two sweet, sprightly little girls below five. Do you think I have any chance of getting them into films as baby artistes?

If they are all that you say, first get them out of Ernakulam, that stinking town with open gutters. Their health is more important than their career as film artistes.

After a long time, Kamini Kaushal comes to the screen in "Poonam", a social story produced by P. N. Arora for Kay Arts.

MISS T. V. AMBUJA (Bangalore)

I like Mr. Patel, but not his bush shirt?

What is your opinion about the trousers?

VED PRAKASH (Lucknow)

What does a burqa in a University signify, particularly when a girl doing her Ph.D. in Economics wears it?

Probably she has an ugly birthmark on her face which she does not want people to see.

A. PETER (Karachi)

Why don't you publish "Song of the Season" in filmindia?

You can hear it in "Sansar" produced by Gemini. Its words are: "Amma roti de, Baba roti de". It is our national anthem of Congress rule.

MANU G. BHAGAT (Bombay)

Have you met Geza Herczeg?

Yes, he has dined in my home but that doesn't mean than he will get away with a wrong interpretation of Gandhiji.

Please advise Miss Gohar to grow a bit slim?

When women reduce at Miss Gohar's age, they grow wrinkles. Besides, these are days of inflation and democracy and you cannot prescribe her size to a woman.

Do your enemies respect you?

The intelligent ones do. But the stupid ones never realize when they are licked and rush in again.

Are you a charming person at home?

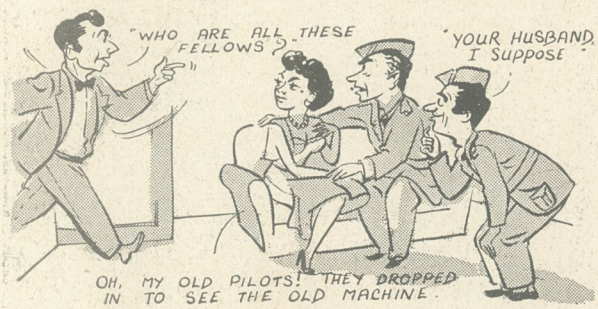
Very! You should see the number of girls I collect every day.

Why has Begum Para shifted to Bengal?

She probably wants to check up conditions in Calcutta jails.

Can an air hostess make a good wife?

No! She will remain too flighty all her life.



K. KRISHNAMURTY (Hyderabad Dn.)

Any comments on the Five Year Plan?

We shall still have the Plan intact after five years because they say it is printed on good American paper.

G. PRASAD (Bangalore)

Taj Mahal reminds me of the immortal love between Shah Jehan and Mumtaz?

And it reminds me of 20,000 human beings pressed into forced labour for 20 long years to perpetuate the passion of a prince.

E. R. VAIDEHI (Chingleput)

You know the most lovable ladies of the land live in the South?

I recently toured the Travancore-Cochin State with open eyes and yet I did not see a single lovely or lovable woman. They evidently live underground.

How many Munshis will make one Mysore Maharaja?

That is a problem in size, hardly a worthy ambition for a man considering that the Maharaja has elephants four times his size. But how many births will the Maharaja require to be a Munshi? That is a problem in quality and intelligence.

I have come to the love level! How do I proceed now?

Name the destination and start running towards it.

How does our government survive all the scandals?

The Nehru smile, a picture of noble sincerity, can cover a million scandals.

Can you name one Muslim producer in India who has stayed here out of patriotic motives?

People often love a land because of the harvest it yields. Why mix patriotism with profits?

G. P. BHARGAVA (Meerut)

Can you spot any more Mudgals in the Parliament?

Write to the United States Information Service in Bombay. They will furnish you with a list of names and addresses of all Mudgals. The U.S.I.S. probably get their printing work done by them.

M. M. MUKHERJEE (Calcutta)

As a result of my careful study of "filmindia" for close upon five years, I find that you have built a happy home, besides a successful business. And yet how is it that one finds a subdued sigh (what the Germans call "Weltschmerz") in all that you write in your frank and hilarious articles?

Doesn't individual success give an intellectual a guilt complex in the midst of a suffering world? Is that a home in which are heard the screams of your less lucky neighbours?

A. M. DIN (Madras)

Why should Mrs. Vijaylakshmi Pandit consider U. S. as her "second home"? Why can't China or Japan be her "second home"?

When she goes to China, she will call that country also a second home. These are "homes" of diplomats.

PARASMAL BHANDARI (Jaipur)

What is your sincere advice to Shantaram?

I can't improve on what Polonius said to his son: "This above all,—to thine ownself be true".

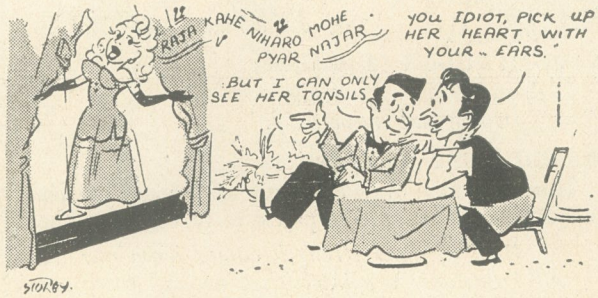
What does the symbol of R. K. Films indicate?

The first conquest of calf love.

MISS N. MEENAKSHI (Poona)

Can you penetrate a woman's heart?

That is superfluous surgery considering that a woman's heart is always on her tongue. If you sift the words correctly, you can size up the heart quickly.



Krishna Menon is our highest paid foreign representative. What do you think of it?

That our money is cheap. That is perhaps why they increased the Bank Rate recently.

Do you know someone who is trying to make a rope of sand?

Nehru! He thinks he will restore the Congress to its old glory.

When are nights warmer than days?

When youth is in heat and the air conditioning machine is sleeping in another room.

Can Dilip Kumar direct a picture?

Not unless he is interested in the performance of his heroine.

What are the similarities between Socialism and Communism?

Socialism is the tears which Communism sheds before the Revolution.

What was Prithviraj's trip to Vienna due to?

I think the aircraft wanted some weight.

How is Shirali's music like?

Always elementary, sometimes stupid! He deserves to be in the Films Division of our government.

Are you a supporter of Hindu Code Bill?

Yes! I support everything that causes trouble and creates conflict.

Are women stronger than men?

Yes, in patience and endurance.

How long will the Indians starve?

As long as they look up to the government to feed them. A soil requires the salt from a human body to grow food.

Who controls a woman's smiles and tears?

Man is the banker with whom a woman deposits her sighs and smiles and he has often to pay her in overdrafts.

Will our future generations be more intelligent than us?

Yes. Hunger makes people think.

Are Sindhis very obedient?

Yes, but they grumble and obey. And noisy obedience is an evidence of shallow culture.

Is the Communist Government in China successful?

Abbas and Karanjia say so and I believe them.

MISS GOVINDAMAH GOVENDER (Durban)

What would be the result if your wife finds you in bed with another dame?

My wife would forgive me but it would hurt me as an artist.

How is your face, dear?

Quite kissable still, if you like potatoes.

In your young days I think you were a good skirt chaser. Will you admit the fact please?

You do injustice to my versatility. I also chased quite a few saris. And I have not stopped the sari-skirt chase yet.

This is not an advertisement for "Depil" but for "Sapna", a social story directed by Kidar Sharma for Hindustan Chitra. The girl with the clean armpit is Shakuntala.

PREM G. BHAYA (Poona)

Have you read "The King's Story"?

It is a tale of a beggar in love.

MRS. PRAKASH (Delhi)

They say Maulana Azad and Dr. Bhatnagar are great chums!

Quite possible, as both are Urdu poets. And Urdu poets often flatter each other to the point of loving each other.

Where do they make love in Bombay?

In bedrooms! In other rooms Morarji's photographs are displayed.

Name one great quality of S. S. Vasan?

His ability to stand an irritation like Pandit Indra for four long years.

My husband sometimes becomes very angry but immediately afterwards he begins to laugh very heartily! What should I think about it?

Get his head examined. He seems to be reading Nehru's lectures.

In most of the bookshops of Delhi, you'll find a special display of books on sex. Reason?

Books probably provoke where looks fail. That is a poor compliment to the women of Delhi.

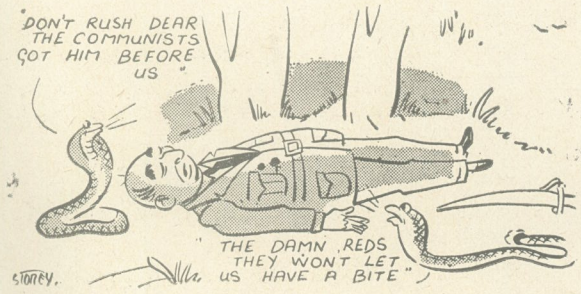
Khaliquzzaman, who took an oath on the first Independence Day before the cream of the country to be loyal to India, left India and went to Pakistan. Then Laik Ali, the man behind the Hyderabad trouble, managed to find his way to Pakistan! Now Husein Imam, the Member of our Parliament, has also left India and joined Pakistan! When the so-called leaders of Muslims in India have behaved in this manner, what can we say about other Muslims?

Ask Pandit Nehru, the champion of Muslims. And ask him also why the Muslim League is once again showing its hood in this secular country?

BASHIST RAI (Singapore)

"On an average, six people die daily due to snake bite"—from an Indian newsreel. Here also snakes are abundant and they do bite often but no one dies. Why?

Because the Communists score before the snakes do.



MRS. T. S. SAMEER (Bombay)

What will be the name of your new home at Pali?

"Girnar"! It is named after the Girnar Hills in Saurashtra, the only place in India where lions are found.

ANIS FATMA (Agra)

What was the most exciting event in your lifetime so far?

My life has been a journey of jet propulsion and as such it had so many explosions that I can't remember the most exciting one.

NILAMBAR PUJARI (Sambalpur)

Is Begum Para a generous woman?

In size and shape only.

A. RASHID BUTT (Karachi)

How is it that we Pakistanis appreciate the Hamletian ways of Nehru whilst you utterly condemn them?

Half of your strength comes from our Hamlet and Pakistanis are intelligent enough to appreciate this advantage.

Who is cleverer between Nargis and Madhubala?

Madhubala! Nargis is a mug in comparison.

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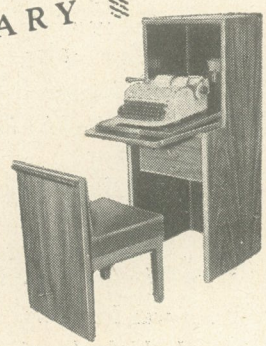
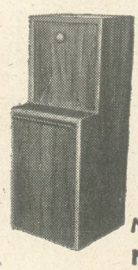
All the facilities of an office desk in a floor-area of 18" x 18" when closed. Typewriter swings in. Two spacious drawers, writing table and chair, paper rack, etc. In laminated board, Rs. 355/-. In C. P. teak, Rs. 255/-.





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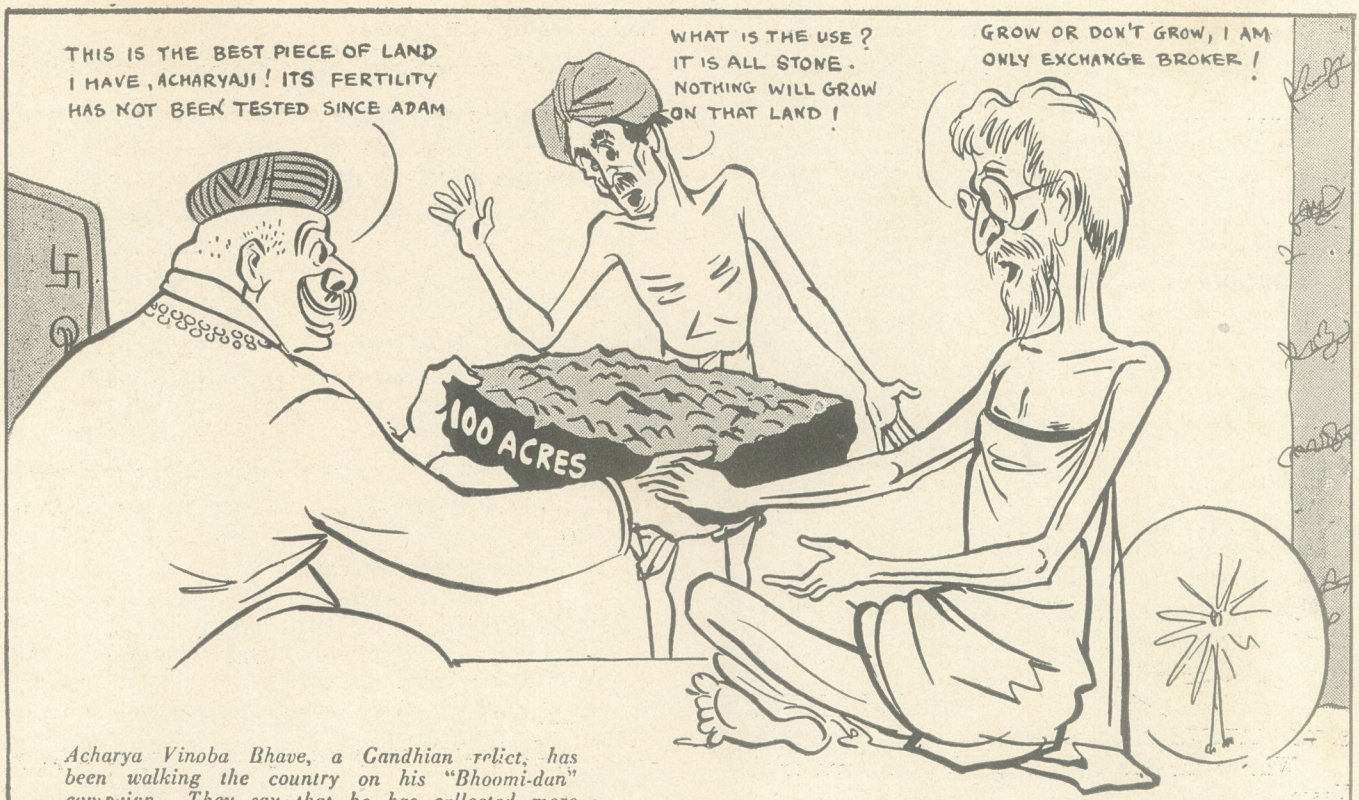

THIS IS THE BEST PIECE OF LAND I HAVE, ACHARYAJI! ITS FERTILITY HAS NOT BEEN TESTED SINCE ADAM
WHAT IS THE USE? IT IS ALL STONE. NOTHING WILL GROW ON THAT LAND!
GROW OR DON'T GROW, I AM ONLY EXCHANGE BROKER!
100 ACRES

Acharya Vinoba Bhave, a Gandhian relict, has been walking the country on his "Bhoomi-dan" campaign. They say that he has collected more barren land than fertile one.

EXCHANGE BROKER

Are you a good communalist?

Would I hit Nehru, Tandon, Shyama Prasad Mukherjee, Golwalkar and other Hindu leaders as hard as I often do had I been a communalist?

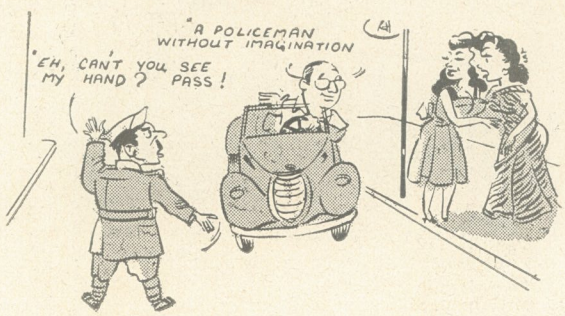
What present should I send you from here, Mr. Patel?

Send me a hundred-pound bag of Punjabi wheat.

MISS SUMANGALA DEBI (Mangalore)

Mr. Patel! Your left eye, is it slightly squint?

That eye got overworked because of our traffic moving on the left.



Should doctors be good-looking?

It makes nursing a pleasure.

Does Prithviraj like Nargis?

Yes, but Raj liked her first.

R. I. P. What does it mean?

Rot in peace! That is what actually happens.

H. S. DORASWAMY (Mysore)

How dry life in Mysore is!

That is because you have gardens but no girls. And even in the Coffee House, you see waiters with stupid white caps that take the kick out of good coffee. Mysore is a lousy town—burn it or leave it if you care for your future.

MRS. RAJ KUMARI SHIVPURI (Sahranpur)

Hindus call a woman "Devi" and . . . .?

—then proceed to turn her into a "Devdasi".

R. N. SHIVPURI (Sahranpur)

Do you approve of men embracing each other?

I have seen the Punjabis doing it and always wondered why. Because within an hour they throw liquor-glasses at each other.

If Doctor Graham fails?

Surgeon Butcher will come and cut it. Kashmir is a surgical case all right.

If Sheikh Abdullah had been kidnapped?

Don't be such a rash optimist, son!

Why do you write your name at the end of your editorials? Is it necessary under the Press Act?

No! But my wife is my chief competitor and it is necessary to mention my name under the Pre-

servation of Peace in the Family Act. She does not like to be misunderstood for my strong opinions. She is an ever-smiling devotee of Pandit Nehru.

L. D'MELLO (Bombay)

When you were a student, how many girl friends did you have?

My studentship ended before the girls jumped out of their first frocks.

R. SANKARANARASIMHAN (Madras)

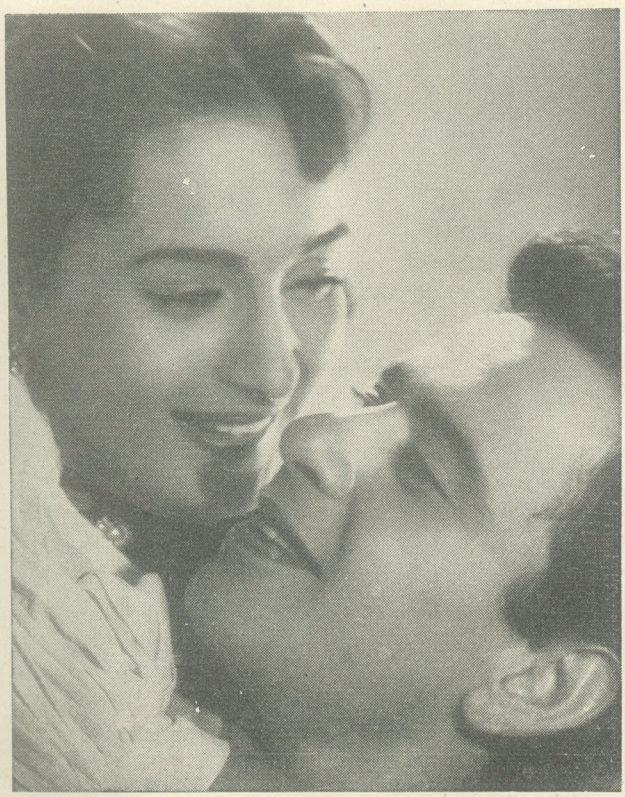
Does Protima Dasgupta also drink?

Yes, she follows her brother Morarji Desai and drinks plenty of water. Now she is suffering from hydrocelia.

S. VENKATSWAMY (Secunderabad Dn.)

Who is the better director: V. Shantaram or S. S. Vasan?

Vasan! Shantaram is a seventh rate craftsman in comparison. Shantaram stopped learning after he left Prabhat.



Smelling each other, we suppose? Nutan and Nasir Khan make "Hangama" produced and directed by Ram Kamlani an exciting picture.

RAJ A. CHHUGANI (Poona)

Will you tell me why has Nasir Khan a searching look?

He is searching for a retired Lt. Colonel who swallowed his ten thousand rupees in a night.

MISS SHARDA KOTWAL (Jammu)

Mr. Patel, I believe in silent love but I don't know how to make it a success?

Jammu is too far away and this is not a subject for postal tuition. Ask another favour.

A. ZACHARIA (Trivandrum)

Which is the most widely read Indian paper in Pakistan?

Filmindia!

Suppose Russia is defeated in the third world war!

Then hunger will get another lease of a hundred years.

Are we descended from apes?

In your Trivandrum museum, there are four skeletons of a gibbon, a chimpanzee, a gorilla and a man. You will get your answer if you study the last two carefully.

"American Reporter" is distributed free of charge?

So is American patronage if you agree to play ball.

Is Russia a selfish nation?

No, but a self-righteous one.

Do you know that Travancore is the most densely populated part in India?

And yet it is such a clean place till you come to Nagercoil. That seems to be the frontier of dirt.

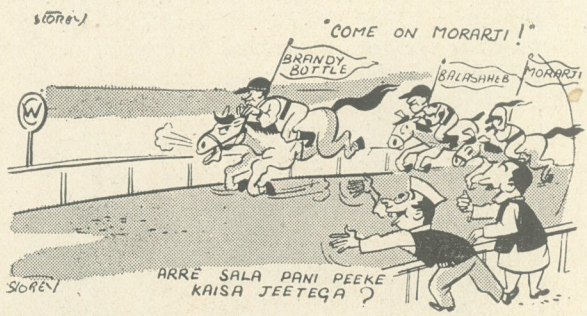
Do you like tapioca?

I tried it in Trivandrum and liked a couple of preparations very much.

DEVENDRA RELE (Bombay)

Should racehorse owners give ministers' names to their horses?

Wouldn't that be insulting a noble animal?



R. V. NERURKAR (Talegaon)

What happens when the husband comes to know of his wife's previous love affair?

He takes the knowledge to bed and spoils the fun of both.

How long will the American troops stay in Korea?

Home for Christmas is their slogan but they don't tell us the year. In the meantime thousands of American boys go to heaven for Christmas.

M. VIDYA (Coonoor)

How old is human thought?

As old as Adam when he first looked at Eve and wondered.

What is Pandit Nehru's latest shock to the nation?

That his "screening" machine failed and the crooks marched in again.

Is this election going to be a fraud?

It is based on fraud: adult franchise of the illiterate.

What happened to Mahavir Tyagi?

They killed him in the Parliament and buried him in the Cabinet.

Are you fond of races?

Yes, but I like my family more.

How many travelling libraries do we have in India?

Dr. Ambedkar is one. I am the other.

Asia for Asians?

That means accommodating a large part of Russia inside India! Let us for the present stick to the narrow nationalism of India for Indians.

What is happening with Hirakud Dam?

All sorts of damn things except the dam.

How has Mr. S. K. Patil's action reduced Congress prestige in Bombay to the lowest ebb?

You shouldn't listen to what a few disgruntled fools talk. I don't think that any action of Patil has prejudiced the Congress in any way. Our Man from Malwan is a very clever, competent and intelligent man and little men are jealous of his qualities. Mudslinging by these mean little fellows should not affect intelligent public opinion. If Patil does anything wrong, I shall be the first one to yell and I don't mince words when I do that.

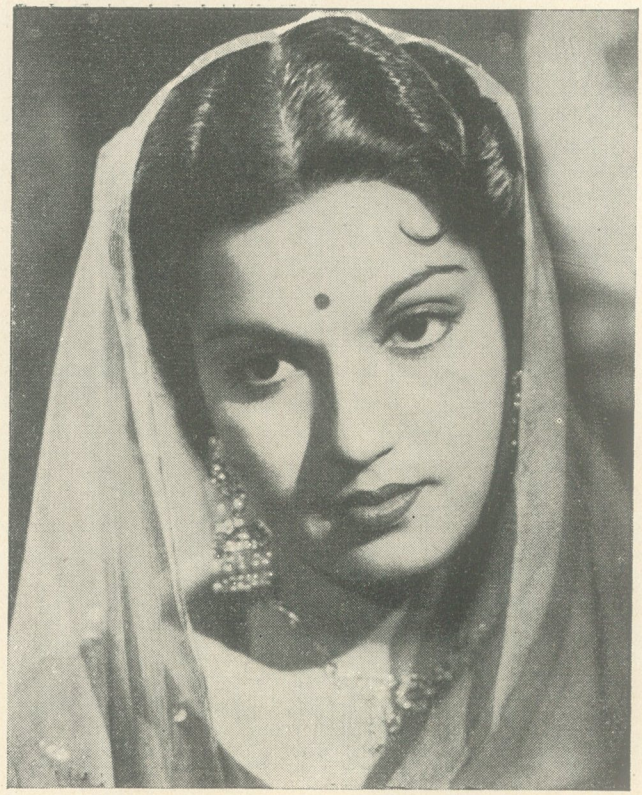
R. RAMADAS (Poona)

How many lady secretaries have you?

I have a brigade of five, under my wife's command. The second-in-command is my daughter. They are all supposed to be useful to me but in actual life it works out differently. I lose more time telling them how to do things than I would need in doing them myself.

Can people have only heads and not hearts?

Heads are used for storing power and passions and offer more resistance in case of a hostile demonstration, while hearts can be punctured with tears.



Munawar Sultana plays the heroine's role in "Apni Izzat", produced by Harischandra Pictures and directed by Nanabhai Bhatt.

PURAN BATRIA (Agra)

Is Geeta Bali a Sardarni?

She is a Sikh all right.

M. VASUDEVAN NAIR (Puthiyara)

Why are little girls like Nutan who have no maturity of expression given heroines' roles?

Producers rely on Maganlal Dresswalla to provide sex-appeal and maturity.

R. JOSEPH (Madras)

It is said that film actresses of Bombay are far more talented, graceful and chaste than those of the south?

Chastity is a private virtue. We shall not discuss it. But in talent and grace, the South Indian actresses who have come on the Hindustani screen have left the Bombay actresses far behind.

MISS G. B. SULOCHANA (Delhi)

If I were to meet you how best can I impress you?

If you have good looks all that you need do is to stop talking. An angel's face often has a devil's tongue.

MISS GANGU KUSHALPA (Mercara)

Don't you agree with me that Indira Gandhi is too sweet?

I do! And that is why Feroze Gandhi does not want to get diabetes.

Have you met the beautiful and talented wife of Major General Thimayya?

Has he also got a beautiful and talented wife like our Commander-in-Chief?

SHAMSHUDIN H. JIWA (Dar es Salaam)

Will Chandulal Shah inherit the fortune of Miss Gohar?

Gohar has already inherited Chandulal's misfortune and in this heritage lost her own. All she has now is a heart of gold.

Why is Ceylon not in the news since her independence?

They haven't a Nehru, our best talking gadget.

Who has so far asked Madhubala's hand in marriage?

Dilip Kumar extended his hand but Madhu bit him.

M. S. LULLA (Bombay)

Do you consider Sardar Pannikar our ablest diplomat abroad?

No! That man talks through his hat half the time and thinks that India is lucky to have him.

If poverty is the touchstone to test a man's ability, what is wealth?

A touchstone to test his humanity.

B. N. SHARMA (New Delhi)

Can India and Pakistan be friends again?

No! Pakistan is too Islamic and ambitious to become friendly with India.

MISS PADMA AYENGAR (Delhi)

Kiss me in the latest hygienic fashion?

Here is a postal kiss, dear. It carries no germs, only genuineness.

MOHAN TAWNEY (Bombay)

Is Dr. Ambedkar talking sense nowadays?

Yes! Absolute sense often sounds like nonsense.

P. N. KHOSLA (New Delhi)

What do you say of a man who buys a morning paper, reads it and sells it again?

Wise man! He knows that our dailies are not worth keeping.

Are you a problem at parties?

Yes, but only if some one disturbs my silence.

KISHIN T. SIPPY (Bombay)

What is more infectious: humour or a rumour?

Rumour! It has foul breath and germs of malice in it.

Shyama plays a leading role in "Daao", a social story produced by G. P. Sippy and directed by Fali Mistry.

Happy marriages are quite out of date these days. Why?

Modern marriages are a result of bar and ballroom dates. How can you expect these frivolous marriages to stand the grim realities of life?

M. A. SHAMS (Raigarh)

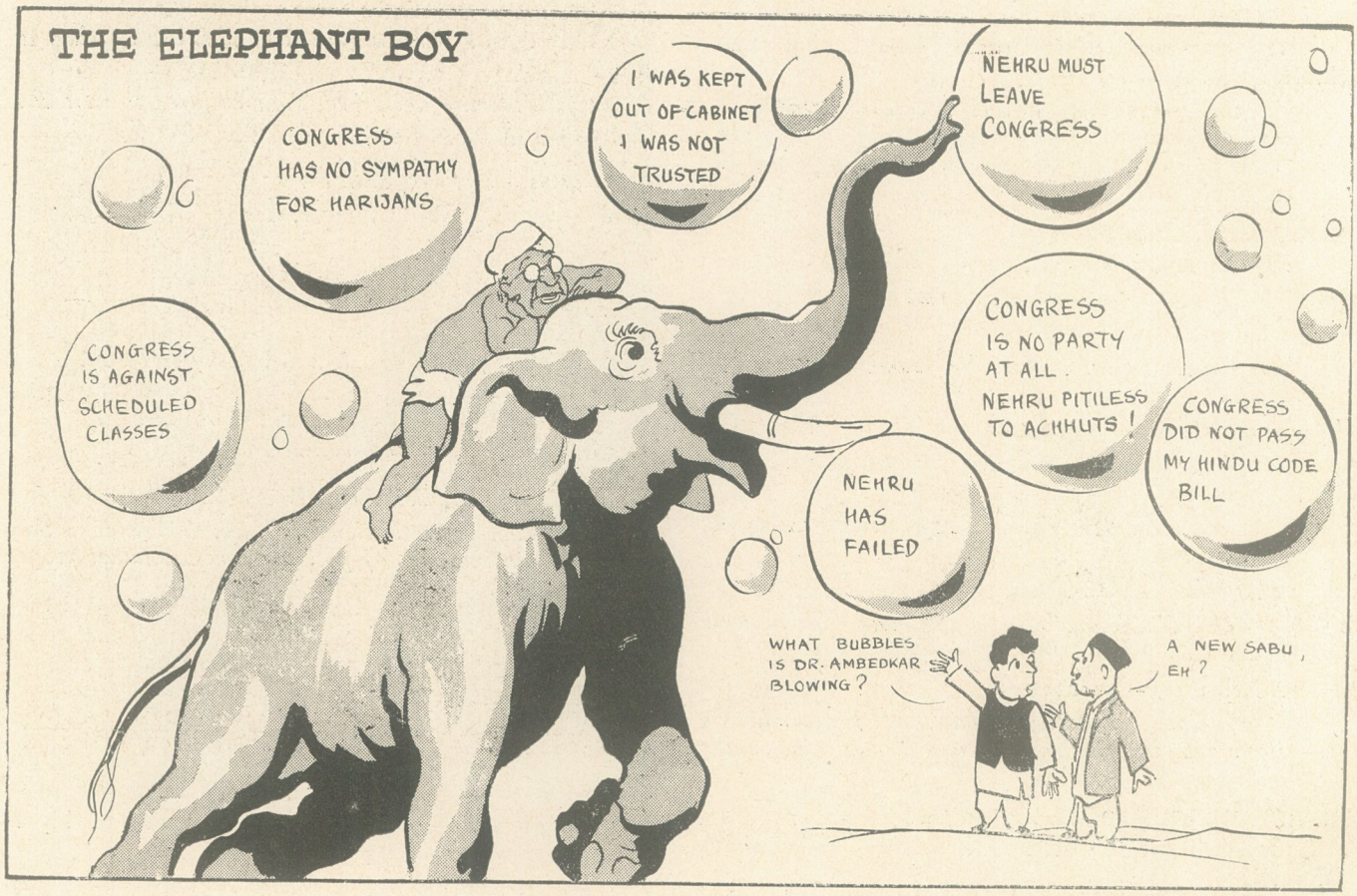
Why doesn't the Ministry of Health supply mosquito nets instead of quinine to the public before people become patients of malaria?

Malaria is a blessing in India. It kills a million every year. If the Government supply mosquito curtains, then the mosquitoes born inside the curtain will soon eat up the whole Asian Continent. I like malaria because it helps my friend Munshi to solve our food problem partly at least.

S. NATANA PRASAD (Bombay)

Who is generally more cultured: man or woman?

A woman wears culture while a man absorbs it. With her it is appearance, with him it is thought.


THE ELEPHANT BOY
CONGRESS HAS NO SYMPATHY FOR HARIJANS
I WAS KEPT OUT OF CABINET I WAS NOT TRUSTED
NEHRU MUST LEAVE CONGRESS
CONGRESS IS AGAINST SCHEDULED CLASSES
CONGRESS IS NO PARTY AT ALL. NEHRU PITILESS TO ACHHUTS!
CONGRESS DID NOT PASS MY HINDU CODE BILL
NEHRU HAS FAILED
WHAT BUBBLES IS DR. AMBEDKAR BLOWING?
A NEW SABU, EH?

What is your opinion about the Duke of Windsor?

He is a connoisseur of antiques.

Where you can save only one in a shipwreck, whom will you rescue, mother or wife?

Wife! She is the future mother and to the human race the future is more important.

K. S. LAKSHMAN (Bangalore)

Mysore ministers are making hay?

Do they eat it too?

MRS. BIMLA TANDON (Lucknow)

If you have to tell a woman that she is beautiful, how will you do it?

I will call her beautiful in a crowd and see her blush.

MRS. SARASWATHI NAIR (Madras)

Why do you criticize Nehru?

Is he above criticism?

Don't you think that Kishore Sahu is the best director in India today?

No! There are others who can do better work but don't have his opportunities. After Shantaram, Kishore is the one with the biggest swollen head.

P. S. GOEL (Hapur)

Are the Himalayas tough?

They can bear the weight of the entire Chinese army.

What is bread and butter to an average Indian?

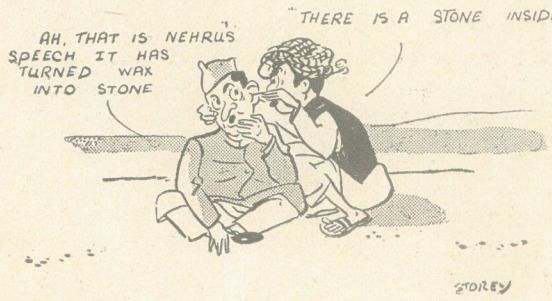
A banquet of gods!

Strange! Why do human beings dream?

To get diabetes in sleep, provided the dreams are sweet.

Ears to be cleaned, sir?

I never hear the speeches of Congress leaders and therefore collect no wax.



S. VISVANATHAN (Bombay)

When do politics and patriotism go hand in hand?

When they meet in a man called Jawaharlal Nehru.

Don't you sympathize with Egypt?

Of course, I do. A Muslim is nearer to me than an Englishman.

What is Vasan to you?

A friend in social life, a producer in professional life and a rival in intellectual life.

K. A. KRISHNAN (Madras)

Why do some modern women detest taking their children with them?

Children add age to their social appearance. A modern ballroom beauty likes to show off as a virgin even if a hundred men on the floor know all her birthmarks.

R. K. MEHRA (Delhi)

Has the devil any son?

Hasn't he adopted the human race?

What is a crowd?

Pandit Nehru's food! He knows its taste but not its ingredients.

T. SOMASUNDAR RAO (Bellary)

Of all the Bombay ministers why has only Morarji hit the bull's-eye?

In a circus, the clown always attracts the greatest attention.

Who is Asia's man of the day?

Mao Tse Tung! He is the man who is well manned.

A Nehru frown means — ?

A dark cloud for 15 minutes! Half-an-hour's flattery punctures the cloud and then it rains smiles and favours.

R. RUPAINDER RAO (Hyderabad Dn.)

Gandhiji gave his all for the country. What about Morarji?

He has nothing to give except his fads. And we are tasting them.

Our Prime Minister is a good swimmer. What about Pak's Prime Minister?

Nazimuddin is a regular lifebuoy.

D. D. BIRWADKAR (Bombay)

What was the cause of Jayashree being dropped from "Immortal Song"?

Sandhya!

How much "dowry" did you get from your father-in-law?

I got the intellectual heritage of millenniums which belongs to the Brahmins of India. Can there be a greater dowry?

MISS ROHINI PITALE (Bombay)

What is a woman's religion?

Sex, with the bed its temple, the costume its ceremonial and the cosmetic its incense.

A. N. NARAYANA RAO (Mysore)

Why does a woman beat her own child when in fury?

Women usually beat their children to hurt and annoy their husbands.

Do gods disguise themselves as beggars?

That is an ancient disguise. These days they come in the garb of politicians and conduct prayer meetings.

Every Punjabi has a 'pedigree'?

And narrow pants!

T. P. MOHAMED (Ambarnath)

What is the advantage of being a minister's cook?

You can poison him when you do not approve of him any more.

Which is the better post: an ambassadorship in U. S. A. or a ministership in U. P.?

A ministership in U. P. should be more paying.

What do you think of the voluntary retirement of C. Rajagopalachari?

He is probably angling to be the next president.

S. K. SATHAYE (Poona)

What is your opinion of Mr. P. K. Atre as a critic?

More froth than thought!

Do you think that Miss Snehaprabha Pradhan is a scintillating speaker?

I don't know what Baby Pradhan has been talking but she is a very intelligent and practical girl and will talk even nonsense if the audience wants it.

C. MOHAMED ALI (Madras)

Have we any Francis (the Hollywood talking mule) in our film industry?

We have Jamshed Wadia but he talks nonsense all the time. He only proves himself a mule in repeating his old arguments.

NALINI S. MISAL (Nagpur)

Last year when Premnath was here, he wrote on one of the Science College girl's autograph: "If love is true, we will meet again". What is this game?

It is an old male trick to trap the female.

Hullo, Baburao Patel, is the snake from Kolhapur still hissing at you?

Yes, but his poison tooth has been emptied for some time at least.

Nirupa Roy cannot get rid of costume roles. Here is one in "Raj Rani Damyanti", directed by Raja Nene for Rupkamal Chitra.

PRITHI PAUL SINGH (Simla)

Which is the most complicated religion in the world?

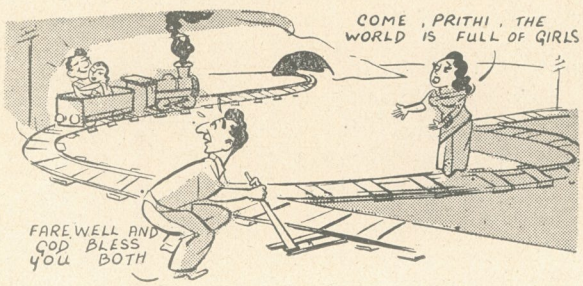
Christianity! It started with "Love Thy Neighbour" and reached Nagasaki and Hiroshima.

How can you spot a henpecked husband?

He carries her womb-weight.

I have been crossed in love. What should I do?

Bless them both and change the track. A good man can love a million times.



B. KAPOOR (Nawalgarh)

Where has the imagination of some good directors gone these days?

It has gone to bed with their heroines.

Who is the greatest sufferer in the present regime?

The educated poor! They suffer both mentally and materially, because they are too proud to beg and too lazy to put their hands to work.

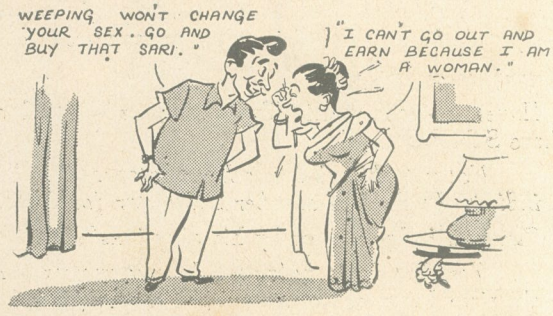
Why you too do not take a peace delegation to some country, as some of your fellow journalists are doing?

I do not live on gratuities given by foreign embassies. I have to work hard for my living.

SURINDER SINGH (Bombay)

When does a woman regret being born a woman?

She never regrets it but she often makes a grievance of it in an argument with her husband. A woman would not like to be a man even if she were given the kingdom of heaven.



A. T. JAMAL (Tanga, E. Africa)

Which is the perfect musical instrument?

The nearest to the human voice is the Veena.

K. U. DEVADAS (Udipi)

Who is a good neighbour?

I am a good neighbour—quiet until roused.

WAZIR CHAND CHOPRA (New Delhi)

Will the Film Festival do any good to the Indian film industry?

The Festival will fail and anything that fails leaves behind distress.

S. K. ABDUL HAQUE (Bombay)

Is Taji (late Shyam's wife) going to marry again?

It will be a pity if she doesn't. She is still too young and attractive.

N. V. SUNDARAM (Madras)

Seeing Meena will anyone believe that there is a famine in India?

She looks like a man-eater, and probably doesn't need wheat and rice.

T. N. KUPPUSWAMI (Poona)

I suggest Chembur be named as Baburaonagar. Any objection?

Why use my name for a quarantine of different film diseases?

Was Dr. C. V. Raman right when he said that we breed like pigs?

Raman was modest. I think we beat the pigs hollow.

Why should not the Nizam be enterprising with his wealth instead of creating trusts for his idle relatives?

He probably wants to perpetuate the brood of diseased princely duffers as a historical memory for posterity.

TEJA SINGH (Ipoh, Malaya)

How does an average Indian prince spend his day?

Living on old plunder and robbing himself of the opportunity to do something useful in life. It is because of these rotten princes and the undeserved pensions they get that I feel like being a Communist. I get a new meaning out of Communism when I often see these princely parasites chasing cheap film stars in expensive cars and endangering the lives of poor pedestrians.

BABURAO TOLE (Hyderabad Dn.)

How is it that your answers can't be anticipated?

Would you pay Rs. 3/- per copy if you anticipated them? People pay to be surprised.

BAL KRISHAN (Simla)

Have you seen Rani Chanda, the newest find of Kishore Sahu?

Not yet, though I saw her photograph in "filmindia". Looks like another Sahu star for 1952!

Can you judge a man by his questions?

Yes, but don't judge me by my answers. Half the time I am, as the Americans say, kidding.

MAHAMMAD SALIM (Chittagong)

How do you count your life by dawn or dusk?

I measure time by dawn. I am an optimist.

Do you wield your pen freely?

No! I have to obey the laws of our land. If I am given freedom I would set fire to this country.

A. V. NARASIMHAN (Hyderabad Dn.)

Is there more in Morarji Desai than meets the eye?

No! Morarji is a pedlar in politics with all his wares exposed.

What is the proper channel to approach Minister Morarji?

Go through R. D. Birla, the woman-voiced man of money in Bombay.

Para's pastime is Bullwords, what is Protima's?

Bull-fights! She had one recently in Calcutta.

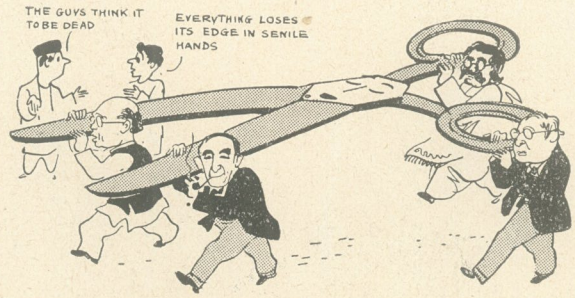
Where does Stalin's strength lie?

In the failure of democracy to feed the people. People who get food, clothes, drinks and shelter will never want a change of government. In India we talk of food but don't grow it; we manufacture cloth but export it; we stop drinking by enforcing prohibition; our money rots in banks and insurance companies but we never build houses with it. That is why little Abbases carry Stalin's poster in processions and make his face popular.

R. MURTHY (Hyderabad Dn.)

Don't you think that the censorship scissors which our grandpa Agarwala is carrying on his shoulders are a bit too heavy for him?

There are three other guys carrying the scissors but cutting nothing except the tax-payers' pockets.



Would you be surprised if after a few years the Muslims of India clamour for yet another partition of India?

I won't be surprised at all. In fact I expect this as a natural sequel of our secularity.

P. M. BHANDARI (Jaipur)

Is there anything more between Raj Kapoor and Nargis beyond a business relationship?

I think it is purely a business affair and both know it.

What will be the future of Indian films when television becomes popular?

With Rs. 21/- as the average monthly income per head, Indian films are safe for another 200 years. You can see films in India for two annas a show. You cannot run television on that scale.

K. NARASIMHAN (Secunderabad)

Are you a princely commoner?

You have said it.

Is Para a practical woman?

Absolutely! Didn't she take jail in the same stride as stardom?

S. JASHAN (Madras)

How does Prithviraj behave with film actresses?

He makes them pregnant with words. And that is not a pleasure to them.

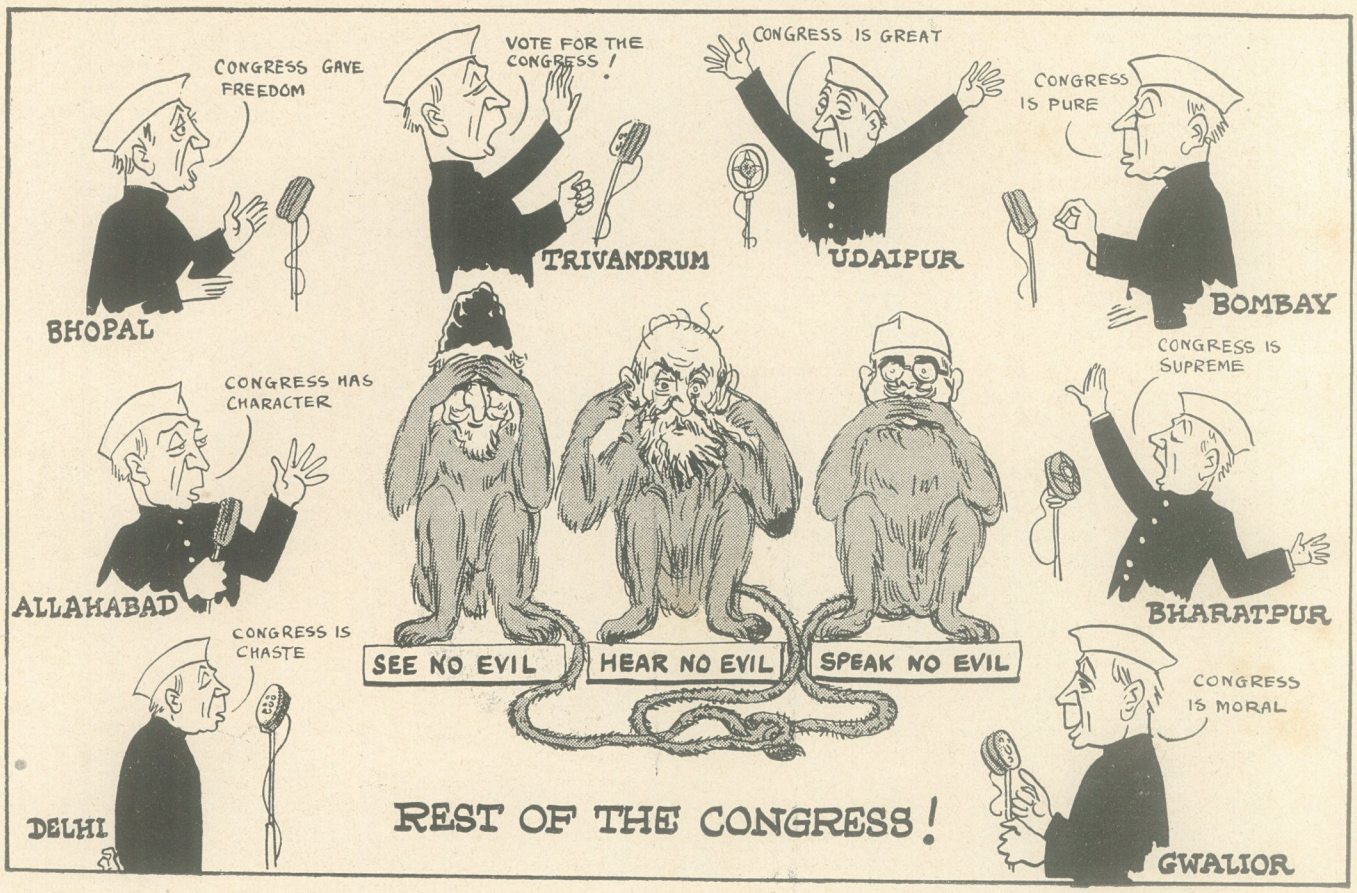
You seem to be a non-vegetarian. Am I right?

Not completely. I make some exceptions. For instance I don't eat a table in quadrupeds, a ship in the sea and an aeroplane in air.

V. M. BALACHANDRAN (Kozhikode)

Tell me honestly what were your first reactions on hearing about Liaquat Ali Khan's assassination?

I was sorry to lose an intelligent enemy. Liaquat kept the climate sizzling and the white caps of India guessing. And I enjoyed both.



MRS. NIRMALA G. KOIMATTUR (Poona)

Your review of Ranjit's "Hum Log" is excellent. Is this not sufficient for Chandulal Shah to know that you are impartial?

Poor Chandulal! He is more to be pitied than blamed.

MISS SHARDA (Delhi)

Why do children rebel against their parents these days?

The tempo of modern home life has increased. Children are these days rushing with the times to a crazy future while parents, with their roots in olden days, are pulling the children back in an effort to save them. In this tug hearts are broken, homes ruined and rebels born.

MRS. VISALAKSHY RAMANATHAN (Mannargudi)

Is Morarji Desai a man of morality?

That is what he wants us to believe.

S. R. SINGH (Kanpur)

Is it a fact that Gemini's studio is the best in the East?

I think Vauhini's studio is the best in the East.

How can these South Indian producers afford to advertise lavishly?

Good pictures pay when advertised widely.

Can a rogue be a successful politician?

Always!

S. BABZEE BAB (Jeypore)

How do the white Americans hear the drums of the liberation of the Negroes in America?

They put cotton in their ears and muffle the drums. And muffled drums are used for funerals.

What do the Pandits of Kashmir think about their land?

When they see the tall mortgagee-in-possession, they know that the auction is not far off.

Who is the undisputed leader of the Indian Congress?

The Congress has now become a many-headed hydra and every time you cut off a head two more crop up in its place.

When should words be chewed?

When they are cast in wit and wisdom. Wit lends flavour to wisdom's food.

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CHANDRAKALA PICTURES, Khatau Nivas, Nehru Road, Vile Parle (East) BOMBAY 24.

What do you think of an American girl who never paints herself?

An escaped lunatic! That is what the Americans will think.

D. DUTTA (Sahranpur)

Why is Dilip Kumar sticking to you like glue?

I have not seen the beggar for months.

Do you stare at pretty girls or steal occasional glances?

I am too polite to stare and too honest to steal a glance. If I like a girl, I stop and look at her.

K. S. SANKARA NARAYANAN (New Delhi)

A local film magazine, which is notorious for its filthy contents, did the dirty work of pasting its posters with the caption "Sansar—A Boring Buk Buk" on the walls of the Regal Theatre where Gemini's latest film was released. What would you call this?

Poster journalism provoked by missing advertisements! We have a Parsi in Bombay who specializes in this poster journalism. I am told that he prints more posters than copies of his journal every week.

G. ANNAJI RAO (Kothagudium)

What does Geza Herczeg think of Acharya Sahu?

That cannot be printed.

Pray, tell me your honest opinion about marriage. Is it worth risking?

Unless I see the girl, the advice cannot be honest. I would risk anything for a good girl, even marriage.

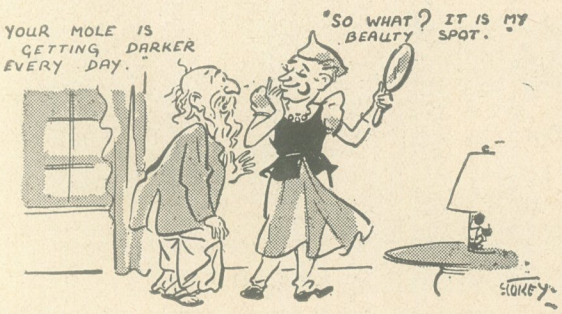
Who is more Gandhian: Pandit Nehru or Acharya Bhave?

Vinoba Bhave is a Gandhian widow, Nehru is a Gandhian heir.

S. BABZEE BAB (Jeypore)

What is a minority in a secular state?

It is a mole. A beauty spot on the face of our nation according to Pandit Nehru.



What is a white girl's scream when she sees a Negro?

It is often the death-knell of the black boy.

What is the shame of the Congress?

Nehru is the blush—all else is the shame.

JAGDISH SETH (New Delhi)

Will India ever be self sufficient in food?

Not till bayonets are pointed at the bottoms of men.

"Frontier Gandhi is rotting in the jail". Comment.

A jail in Pakistan is a cradle of Islam. So there is no harm done.

T. A. RAMANATHAN (Mannargudi)

Can you hiss?

No. My friends do that. I enjoy their performance.

INDU PRAKASH SINGH (Allahabad)

Why do all Hindu gods have consorts?

How else could they multiply? Their present population is thirty three crores.

VISHWANATH SAHNI (Dehradun)

You seem to be alone in your profession!

You can't have company on the top.

RAM CHARAN (New Delhi)

Which of the industries in Bombay province have progressed most up till now?

Illicit distillation! It has turned even restaurant waiters into bankers.

Do you find any virtue in Pakistan?

They are honest to themselves. The Pakistanis don't say one thing and mean another.

R. NATH (Lucknow)

What is a virtue in a lady?

Very often only a relaxation.

A. PUSHPA (Secunderabad Dn.)

Can I bank on your intelligence?

That is difficult with the Anti-Bigamy Law in force.

S. RAMA RAU (Bombay)

What were you in your last birth?

According to the Briha Samhita I was a Brahmin teacher living on the banks of the Ganges in Allahabad teaching philosophy to the people of those times. And now I am a film critic. What a great fall? I think I must have seduced some girl student to deserve this punishment.

MISS R. KAMALA KUMARI (Rajahmundry)

What will happen if Pandit Nehru resigns from his post?

He will talk more and won't even let us sleep. You don't want an insomnious nation, do you?

S. BALAKRISHNA KURUP (Trivandrum)

What will be your first reform if you are made the Prime Minister of India?

I shall stop the Travancoreans from being curious. They have a bad habit of pushing their noses into other people's cars and finding out things. It is a vulgar way of acquiring knowledge.

CHANDRASEKHAR (Bangalore)

Say something about Shantaram?

He rushed to embrace the Chinese Delegation that recently visited India. That man anticipates things too fast.

What is that weapon with which a woman conquers a man?

Sex is the first and last shaft in a woman's armoury. It is a weapon that kills Napoleons without bleeding.

HARBANS SINGH (Simla)

Where is Germany situated nowadays?

It is a floating nation at present and the day it settles down you may prepare for another war.

Wearing plastic eyes for the first time in India, Ashok Kumar plays a blind man's role in "Naubahar", a social story produced by M. Ahluwalia and directed by Pandit Anand Kumar for New Premier Films Ltd.

What do you say about Indian hospitality?

It is a hangover of history now because food has disappeared.

Why are Dilip Kumar's eyes so blank these days?

Rummy Sood removed the cataract from his eyes.

M. JANAKY (Coimbatore)

May Communism thrive throughout the world!

It does not need your blessings. It will thrive as long as the stomachs remain burning.

M. K. MITTER (Patna)

Supposing I have four children, how can I practise birth control?

Go to the nearest surgeon and ask him for a vasectomy on you. It will cost you a hundred rupees and you can walk out in 15 minutes and you will enjoy life without extra liabilities.

MISS BHARATI MEHAROTRA (Banaras)

Can you chalk out the future of a bad complexioned lady who has graduated this year?

Marriage should be her first career as all ugly girls somehow get married quicker. Failing that she should join the Rationing Department. That will be a permanent job in this country and she will still be in the domestic climate of wheat and rice shortage.

T. R. G. SWAMY (Poona)

Are the Iranians justified in driving out the British in the oil dispute?

The white man has no right to be anywhere else except in Europe and America and he must be kicked out from all other countries.

Who is the "Iron Man" of the Congress after Sardar Patel?

Now Congress is a museum of wax-works.

MISS S. INDIRA (Madras)

Will Gandhiji be canonized?

Gods are not canonized, only saints are. Gandhiji has already become a god.

T. V. NARAYANA RAO (Secunderabad Dn.)

What has happened to your challenge of Rs. 25,000|-?

No one took up the challenge. It scared the rascals.

N. RAJAGOPAL (Mysore)

Do you ever pray for peace?

I do not believe in peace. I consider conflict to be the cradle of creation.

S. S. RAJAN (Calcutta)

Is it possible for a magazine to run without any advertisements?

I can run "filmindia" without any advertisements and sell it if necessary at ten rupees a copy and yet sell more copies than any other monthly magazine in the country.

S. SAXENA (Bareilly)

If Morarji becomes the editor of "filmindia" . . . ?

The magazine will become bankrupt. That man does not even know how to handle money and popularity leave alone creating money.

A. P. RAJAMOHAN RAO (Dehradun)

People say that you are a millionaire?

People have an evil tongue.

D. S. R. MURTHY (Munirabad)

When does a doctor detect typhoid in malaria?

Very first day with a rich patient and often after the funeral if the patient happens to be poor.

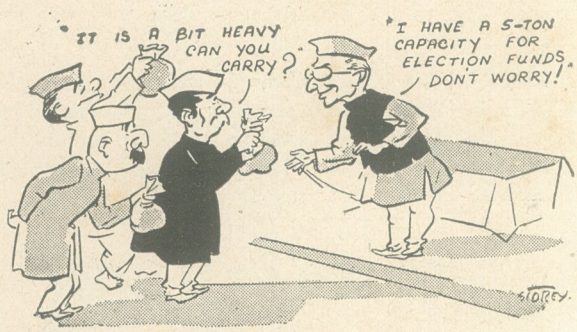
Love makes a Punjabi talk about the beauty of Punjab. The Madrasi speaks about the cheapness of Madras rightly. But, what makes the Anglo Indian shout always about his 'Ome England which neither he nor his dad ever saw?

It is the seed that names a plant even if the soil is common.

MRS. SEELWANTI (New Delhi)

Why does a minister never carry cash when he moves out?

People find the cash, the minister supplies the transport.



M. S. LULLA (Bombay)

What is the secret of the rare youth and charm of gipsy women?

They are kissed by the sun and cuddled by the moon.

How is it that a journalist of your eminence was not included in the Goodwill Delegation which went to China?

I don't accept free tips and free meals to propagate any 'isms' or 'cracies'.

B. K. LALL DAS (Madras)

If Nehruji takes in earnest what is said in jest in the Editor's Mail?

How can he do that when we take in jest what he says in earnest?

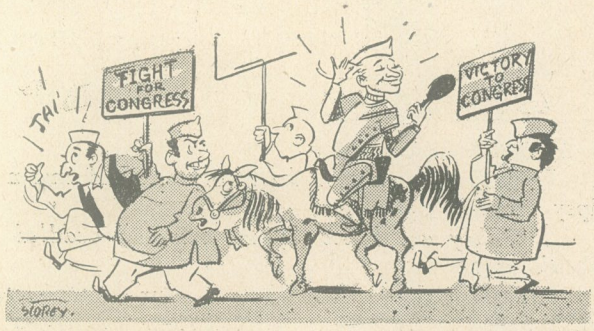
"Stop reading "filmindia" and save your eyes". What is the result of this advice from you?

The sales have gone up and more eyes are reading "filmindia". People never care for some sensible advice.

MAHENDRA KISHORE (Sahranpur)

Why is Pandit Nehru fond of riding white horses?

He probably fancies himself to be our Joan of Arc. Nothing is beyond Nehru's fertile imagination.



K. B. LALL (Gwalior)

I understand from a reliable source that you are doing research in music. If it is correct, I wish you all success in the undertaking?

Don't merely give me your blessings. In Gwalior there are several bookshops where some rare books on music are available. I already have some of these books but you can visit these shops; one of them is Rupayana, Inderganj, Lashkar, and make a thorough list of these books and send the list to me. Will you do that for me? And my other readers may also take the hint.

MRS. RAJANI DEVI (Bombay)

Where will Mr. Churchill's victory take Great Britain?

To another Labour Government.

When does a prostitute yawn?

Dawn brings the yawn and ends the pawn of flesh.

Did you mourn over the death of Liaquat Ali Khan?

I mourned for him on 15th. August 1947 when India lost an excellent politician. The other day, on the 16th October 1951, he died for Pakistan.

In the United States, 98% of the total population suffers from tooth decay. How can you explain this in such a highly civilized country?

They export all the toothpaste they manufacture to earn dollars, leaving no paste to clean their own teeth. The average American has not only bad teeth, but also a foul breath. And the breath is worse these days with the hatred for Communists planted in their hearts.

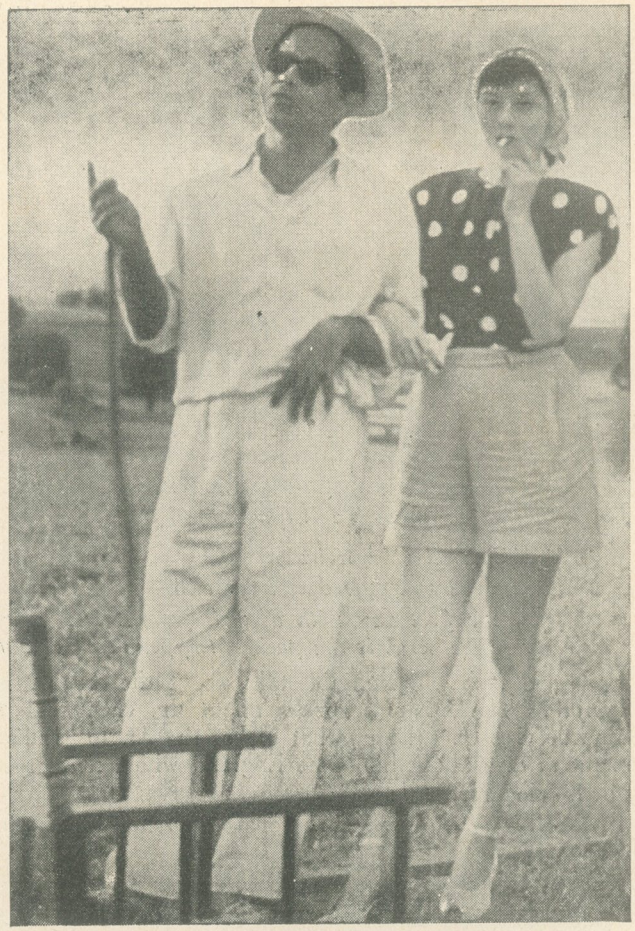
What is it that you appreciate in Asha Mathur?

Nothing! She has a silly face and very poor acting talent.

If Morarjibhai takes a vow of perpetual silence?

We will miss a lot of nonsense which makes life interesting in this city of Prohibition.

How do you like refugees?

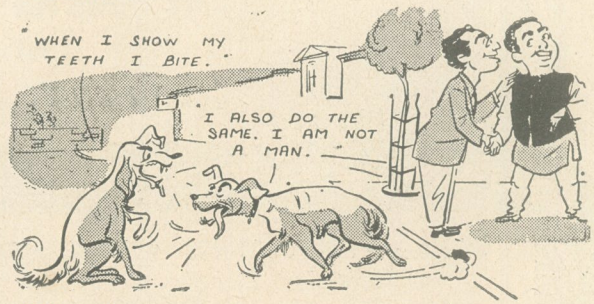


That is Dilip Kumar! But who is she—this mystery girl of the movies—who has been recently seen with Dilip, particularly during the outdoors of "Aan"? Were they shooting a picture or enjoying a picnic?

Are you talking of those injured innocents from Sindh, some of whom drink and gamble during the night and cheat and grumble during the day?

What happens when Shantaram and Kishore Sahu meet?

They show their teeth to each other and call it a smile.



What does a prostitute leave behind for her daughter?

Her old customers, some of whom like to chew green leaves with their grey teeth.

How does Mr. Chintaman Deshmukh differ from Dr. John Mathai?

Chintaman has agreed to play ball with Nehru.

How does Abbas describe China?

When he does that his English acquires the flavour of Urdu poetry.

What are the qualifications of Maulana Azad?

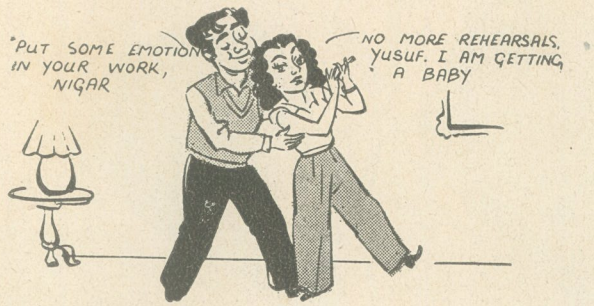
He entertains Nehru in Urdu.

What is the real aim of the Chinese Delegation to India?

When a group of well-trained army men visits all our port towns right to the end of Cape Comorin with tourists' cameras, isn't the aim obvious?

When does an actress face distress?

When her director starts taking rehearsals in her home.



R. JANARDAN (Bombay)

Should I join the Socialist Party?

Go ahead! One beggar more or less should not make any difference.

When will Ashok Mehta shave?

When India gets freedom from the Congress.

Who is Geza Herczeg?

A Yankee Jew who wants to shoot Gandhiji once again and kill even his memory.

What is Communism to K. A. Abbas?

Political adultery! But then Abbas has always been in wrong company.

What is Dahyabhai Patel without Sardar Patel?

Children of power often die the death of ugly orphans.

What has Liaquat left behind?

A widow who has become a bad exposure for the press camera.

Do you hold your breath when you see Begum Para in slacks?

At 48, I admire the tenacity of the textile material.

What makes Morarji mad?

You mean madder? Ashok Mehta!

Does Morarji Desai get hot when you call him a 'mule'?

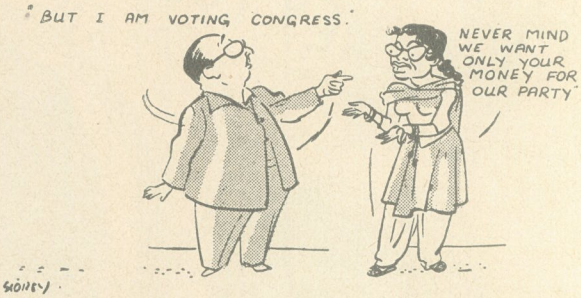
Truth should not hurt a Gandhian Congressman.

What are Baria princes doing these days?

I have no time for princes whether of Baria or bacteria.

How do you identify a Socialist girl?

You need not bother. She will ask for funds within a minute.



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1st Prize: Rs. 290|- and one copy of "Grey Dust"; 2nd Prize: Rs. 190|- and a copy; 3rd Prize: Rs. 90|- and a copy; 4th Prize: Rs. 70|- and a copy; 5th Prize: Rs. 40|- and a copy; 6th Prize Rs. 30|- and a copy; 7th Prize: Rs. 20|- and a copy and 20 Consolation Prizes of one copy of "Grey Dust" each.

A reader can ask as many questions as he likes. Questions should be neatly written or typed if possible. Unless the letters are signed they won't be considered.

In awarding prizes the Editor's decision shall be final and absolutely binding and no correspondence will be entertained.

The names of the prize-winners will be announced in "filmindia" every month and the prize money will be remitted by money order while the copies of "Grey Dust" will be sent by registered post.

PRIZE WINNERS FOR JANUARY

1st Prize to Miss N. Meenakshi (Poona); 2nd Prize to G. M. Kapadia (Billimora); 3rd Prize to S. C. Sinha (Indore); 4th Prize to R. Murthy (Hyderabad Dn.); 5th Prize to Chandrasekhar (Bangalore); 6th Prize to Bashist Rai (Singapore); 7th Prize to M. A. Shams (Raigarh) and 20 consolation prizes to the following:—Caloo Mandapa (Mercara); Miss K. Savitri (Poona); Mrs. T. S. Menon (Ernakulam); M. M. Mukherjee (Calcutta); Miss T. V. Ambuja (Bangalore); A. Peter (Karachi); A. M. Din (Madras); R. N. Shivpuri (Sahranpur); Miss Bharati Meharotra (Banaras); R. Ramdas (Poona); Shamshudin H. Jiwa (Dar es salaam); S. Natana Prasad (Bombay); Nalini S. Misal (Nagpur); T. N. Kuppuswami (Poona); Teja Singh (Ipoh, Malaya); S. Jashan (Madras); S. Rama Rau (Bombay); S. Balakrishna Kurup (Trivandrum); T. R. G. Swamy (Poona) and Mrs. Seelwanti (New Delhi). Money Orders and copies are being sent to all the prize winners.

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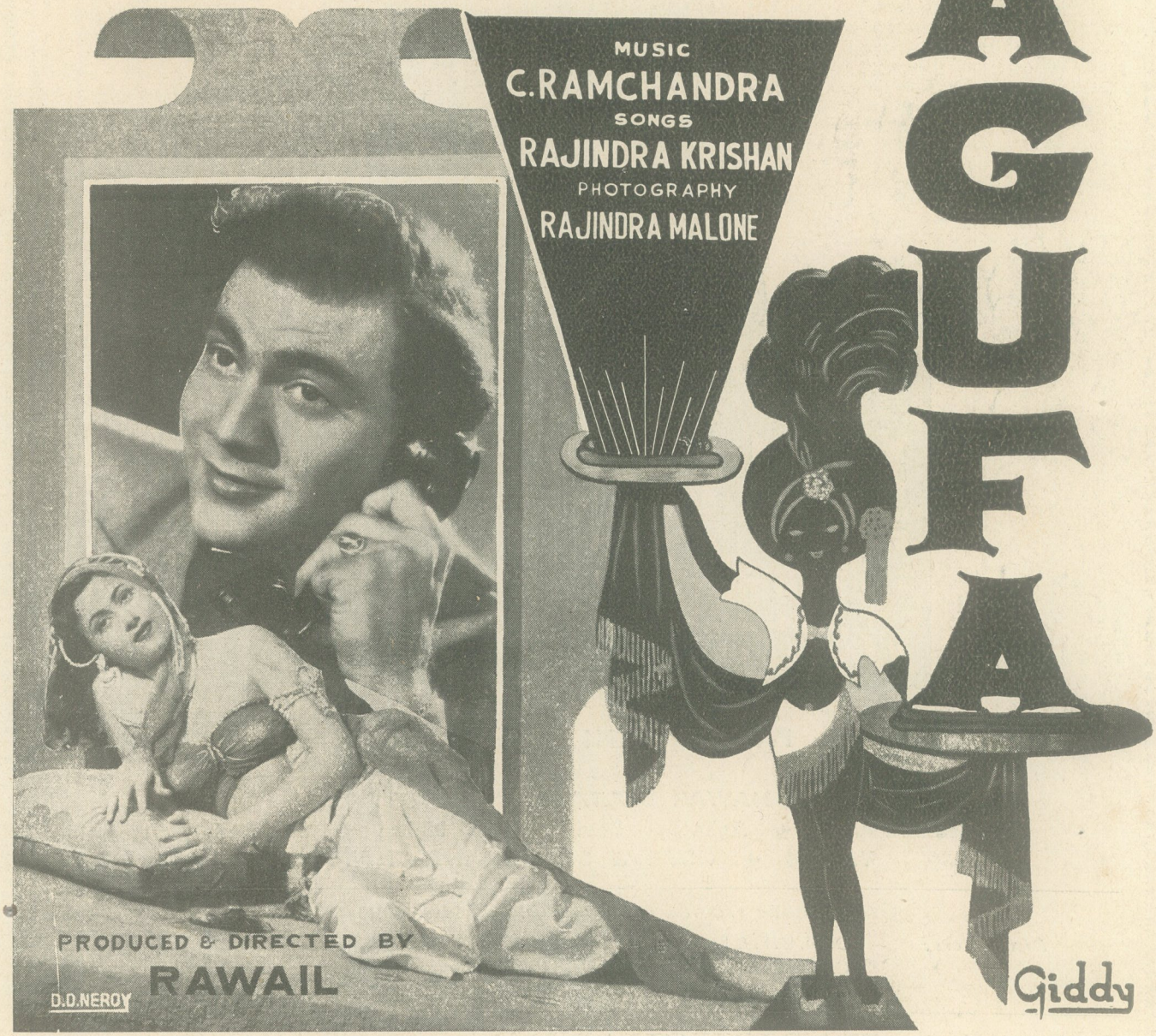

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OUR REVIEW

Vasan Hits The Headlines Again!

"Sansar" Draws Huge Crowds!

Producer Vasan of the South has done it again. He has again induced the crowds—for the fourth time in succession—to rush to his new picture, "Sansar", leaving alone the locally-produced trashes.

While the local producers fret and look helplessly at the remarkable success of this dynamic producer from the South, no one is prepared to admit that there is method and intelligence in Vasan's choice of subject, its production and its ultimate release.

After attributing Vasan's remarkable success to a unique run of luck—that is the language of the local gamblers in film production—and thus acquitting themselves of all blame for their own stupidities, some Bombay producers curse Vasan and then proceed to put restrictions on his publicity campaign by drafting new publicity standardization resolutions.

We cannot, however, understand why a producer who has produced a good picture should not shout himself hoarse about it if it pays him to do so. He is only selling his goods in doing so and selling anything is the principal religion of the present industrial age. And how can you sell unless you yell?

We congratulate Producer Vasan for taking up a homely social theme for production this time and we hope he has finally put aside the wooden swords, the tinsel and the castles which gave us fantastic notions of chivalry and romance in an age in which chivalry is deposited in the banks and love goes to bed on empty stomachs. Let us hope Producer Vasan uses his stupendous resources to give us new pictures that will mirror life as it exists today and in doing so provoke a solution of our numerous social problems.

SIMPLICITY, THE KEY-NOTE!

"Sansar" is a common story—so common that it has been seen on the screen many times. Realizing this Vasan seems to have adopted simplicity as his main key of dramatization of the subject.

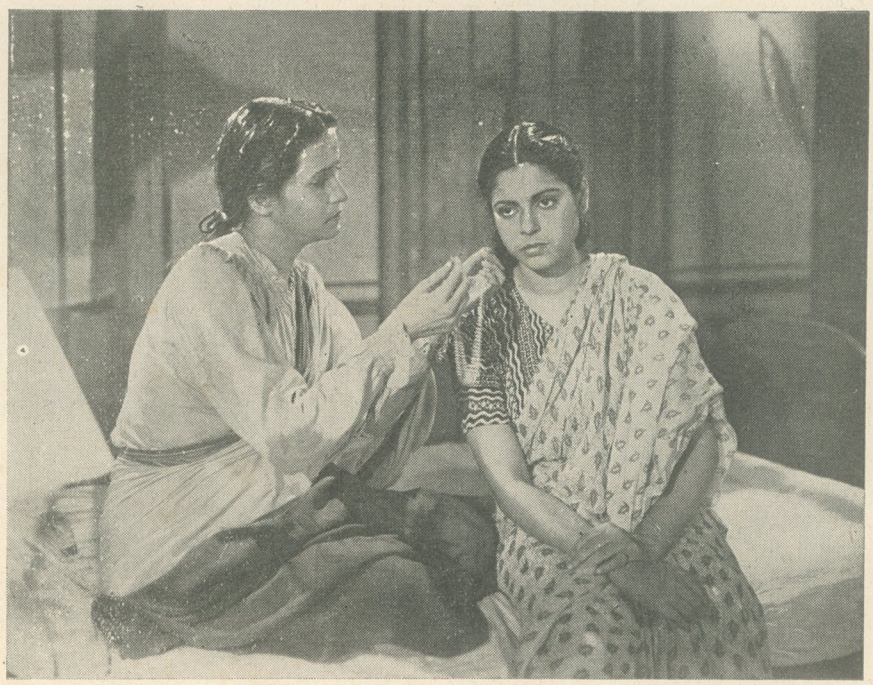
"Sansar" is, therefore, unfolded on the screen in simple words, with simple gestures and with simple every day characterizations from real life. There are no overtones in the dramatization of the subject nor any over-emphasis in the portrayal of the characters. And that is why the picture appeals to millions.

A poor and honest clerk, Narayan, working in the city, away from his village and relatives, lives happily with his wife and two children. His wife, Laxmi, in spite of her husband's meagre earnings, welcomes her husband with a rich smile every evening after the day's work. Their home is a little nest of love and harmony.

Into this home arrive Ganga, Narayan's mother, and Jamuna, his married sister. Both these women are professional shrews and they drag Sitaram, the henpecked lord of Jamuna, along with them.

Ganga and Jamuna open fire within a minute of their arrival and poor Laxmi gets the grape-shot straight in the eye. In a very short time these two women turn Laxmi's once-happy home into a hell of torment and trouble.

Taxed with more stomachs to feed, Narayan runs into debt and when his brother, Madan, sends monetary help, it is intercepted by the two termagants. In the midst of all this, Laxmi gets the usual blessing of poverty—an unnecessary child—her third in a row.



Jamuna returns to the screen after a long time in "Phulwari" produced by I. N. A. Pictures and directed by Profulla Roy.

SANSAR

Producers:	Gemini Studios
Language:	Hindustani
Dialogue:	Pandit Indra & Casshyap
Songs:	Pandit Indra
Music:	Shanker Shastri
Photography:	P. Ellappa
Audiography:	C. E. Biggs
Cast:	Pushpavalli, M. K. Radha, Vanaja, Swaraj, Agha Jan, Meera, Gulab, Mohana, David etc.
Released At:	Roxy, Bombay
Date of Release:	9th November 1951

Directed By:
S. S. VASAN

But when Laxmi goes to the maternity hospital, Narayan runs away and becomes a refugee from life and manhood. The man's back is broken by the very hands that once nursed it in the cradle.

Madan comes on the scene, deprives the termagants of their stolen profits, pays his brother's creditors and tries to help his brother's wife to find Narayan.

Now the two viragoes use scandal as a weapon of attack and connect Laxmi's loneliness with Madan's youth. That drives Laxmi out of her own home, with a little one in arms and two more in her wake.

Laxmi ultimately gets shelter from a poor woman in Ahmedabad. Only the poor have hearts to help the poor. Madan has a friend in Kamala, a rich heiress. For a while Kamala breathes in the stink of the scandal but after Laxmi's disappearance she settles down to civilize Madan and build him up as her future husband.

These Madan-Kamala sequences from the beginning to the point of his 'civilization' stretch one's imagination a bit and make one feel that the dramatic license has been overdrawn.

A SUBTLE TOUCH!

The final scenes are enacted in Ahmedabad where Kamala's father has a mill. Laxmi's children are taught to beg at the doors of the rich. And when they do it in those plain and simple words: "Amma roti de, Baba roti de" whether the rich give "roti" or not in the picture, the audience does give its tears generously in the theatre. This is a very touching sequence, marvellously directed, which not only moves everyone deeply but makes all parents think of their own children with their natural protective instinct. As the eldest son grows he refuses to beg and Gopu, a boy in early teens, now works in the mill and one day meets his own bearded father—not of course knowing his blood tie. He shares his frugal lunch with Narayan and it is here that Vasan gives what they now call a "touch" in motion picture production. But Vasan's "touch" is a "touch" of "touches" in its subtlety and nature. When Narayan first tastes food from Gopu's lunch packet, the taste of it brings the past into his mind. He is confused by the familiarity of the taste. Only a married man, who has the good fortune of eating what his wife cooks and not what his hired cook does, can realize the subtle beauty of this incident. This little touch is almost a poetic tragedy of human habits and emotions.

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Producer Mehboob's outdoor shooting of "Aan" at Igatpuri had to be stopped because of unexpected visitors on the location. Spot them from left to right: Mrs. Sushila Rani Patel, Mrs. Mehboob, Mr. Baburao Patel, Producer Mehboob, Nimmi, the Mystery Girl of the Movies and her secretary Dilip Kumar and ofcourse Mukri who gets a kick out of the last combination.

Narayan falls ill and is soon taken to Gopu's hut where Laxmi recognizes her husband. After the usual melodrama it all ends well in family reunion and harmony.

Though not all the tales end in this happy way, there was no need to give this story a tragic ending as some critics feel. Death of a character is hardly a tragedy. In itself death offers relief from suffering. Tragedy lies in suffering whilst living and that tragedy this story has in full. We like the ending as it is. An overdose of tears would have spoilt the taste in the mouth.

The production values are as usual impressive. The set, in which Narayan lives when the picture opens, impresses however a bit too much. He had too many rooms to use considering his salary.

The songs are simple and effective and so is the dialogue. But the ghost speaker behind M. K. Radha's lips talks in monotones and stresses wrong words. He has in addition a dry throat that cannot express touching sentiment. It is an unfeeling vocal performance. On the other hand the woman who gives the ghost speech for Pushpavalli makes the dialogue vibrant and thrilling. Indeed, a marvellous voice and more marvellous vocal expression!

SUPERB IN PARTS

Vasan's direction is subtle and superb in the important emotional situations. Padding scenes have, however, been badly neglected. This is an inexcusable fault for a director of Vasan's calibre. And so must Vasan get the blame for a number of careless mistakes. To mention only one, he need not have cut or broken with so much precision and design the natural tapering ends of the dried palm leaves with which Pushpavalli covers herself and her children under a tree in Ahmedabad. Doing so took naturalness out of the situation. It is altogether another thing that the palm trees, of which dried leaves have been used in this sequence, do not grow in Ahmedabad. These trees are common only in seaside places. In Ahmedabad only Gujarati textile mills grow.

The best part of the performances is the casting. Pushpavalli looks a two-children old dame, her weight being one of the proofs. She gives a good restrained performance as an ideal housewife and considering the fact that she had to harmonize her facial expression with the thrilling words spoken by another woman, Pushpavalli could be said to have done her job beautifully. She looks a trifle too sweet at times but then many poor clerks often have startlingly beautiful wives to the utter chagrin of their neighbours.

M. K. Radha looks a clerk but does not travel beyond his looks. He seems to be a poor actor and his ghost speaker kills him completely.

The picture has three shrews: Gulab, Mohana and Meera, and all of them do extremely well and so does Agha Jan who, in the role of a henpecked husband, brings down the house with laughter.

But we do not understand why a good and expensive artiste like David should have been taken all the way to Madras to play a silly doctor who looks more like a pawnbroker.

Swaraj, who plays Madan, gives an amateurish performance, Vanaja being too good against him. That is a graceful girl for a producer's note book.

J. S. Casshyap's itch for acting can hardly be a reason to give him a role. He plays a mill-owner and does not look one at all. He looks too dehydrated to play a rich and prosperous mill-owner and is too sharp and cutting in his speech to be benevolent. And the man cannot act. Cassim as Gopu does very well and gives a promise of becoming a useful addition to the screen.

And yet with all its little defects, "Sansar" is a fine picture with plenty of human appeal. It is Vasan's best in his Hindustani series and one that must be seen by all.

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OUR REVIEW

"Albela", A Scintillating Mass Entertainer!

Picture Becomes A Big Money Spinner!

Bhagwan, the king of stunt productions, has done the trick in his very first attempt to give a social picture. "Albela" provides delightful entertainment with plenty of gags and laughter thrown against a pathetic canvas of life with all its sorrows. It is a remarkably well-knit romance of life with sighs and smiles beautifully dovetailed from scene to scene.

The best part of the story, which Bhagwan himself has written, is that no undue emphasis is placed on its theme, the keynote being entertainment. And this plan succeeds wonderfully in not only entertaining but also in driving home the theme of the story which has almost a Chaplin-like pathos permeating throughout till the end.

ALBELA

Producers:	**Bhagwan Art**
Language:	**Hindustani**
Story:	**Bhagwan**
Songs:	**Rajendra Krishna**
Dialogue:	**Ahsan Rezvi**
Music:	**C. Ramchandra**
Photography:	**Shankar Palav**
Recording:	**C. Modak**
Cast:	**Geeta Bali, Bhagwan, Badri Prasad, Bimla, Nihal, Protima Devi.**
Released At:	**Imperial, Bombay**
Date of Release:	**14th December 1951**

Directed By:
BHAGWAN

DREAM COMES TRUE!

Pyare is a poor dispatch-clerk in a commercial firm. At home he has his old parents, a married brother and an unmarried sister, Bimla. Pyare is intensely fond of stage and acting and his remarkable likeness to Prem Kumar, a celebrated stage idol, puts ideas into Pyare's imaginative head. He dreams of the glamour and glory of the footlights.

The story opens at a time when Bimla, Pyare's sister, is only a week away from her wedding for which her parents have saved up some money but contributions from Pyare and his elder brother, Mohan, are also expected. The savings are stolen one day; Mohan's employer refuses a loan and Pyare is sacked from his job because of his usual habit of rehearsing stage scenes in the office.

Pyare's infuriated father drives Pyare out of the house inspite of his mother's protest. Taking his mother's blessings and clinging to them as the only mascot of his life, Pyare steps into a cold and cruel world to make a name. But while the human mind waits for its diet of glory and ambition, the human stomach needs its feeds regularly day and night. Hunger drives our hero to the kitchen of a stage prima donna, Asha, only to wash and clean her utensils.

Art and music conscious Pyare soon finds a song in the jingling and tinkling of the utensils and Asha, his employer, hears the song and discovers genius in this stage-struck guy. She decides to be his patron.

Pyare has sworn not to return home till he makes good and is able to dedicate his fame and success to his mother. Asha gives him Rs. 300|- which Pyare sends as his contribution to Bimla's wedding but the money is snatched away by Mohan's vicious brother-in-law.

Through the usual vicissitudes, Pyare reaches the top at last but in his race for success he does not know of the calamities that have befallen on his family. His sister's marriage never comes off, his mother dies, his remittances to the family are intercepted and his father and sister take to begging in the streets.

One day he wakes up and brushing aside Asha's affectionate grip on him rushes to his old home only to discover the numerous tragedies. Pyare rushes about searching for his old father and little sister and the story soon ends on a happy note.

Bhagwan, writer, producer, director and actor, wins his laurels in "Albela", a box-office smasher.

BHAGWAN SCORES!

Though the picture is nearly 14000 feet in length, there is not a moment of boredom in it. "Albela" is fast entertainment with well-sustained suspense and drama. The scenario being well-knit, the story travels fast without a drag, maintaining audience interest throughout.

The picture has excellent production values, though the sets are inclined to be slightly on the loud side. The best part of the picture is its beautifully snappy music mostly tuned to a dancing rhythm. The music of "Albela" has a tremendous repeat value and so also the dances which are well executed and very attractively presented. The lyrics are also excellently composed and the dialogue is carefully written.

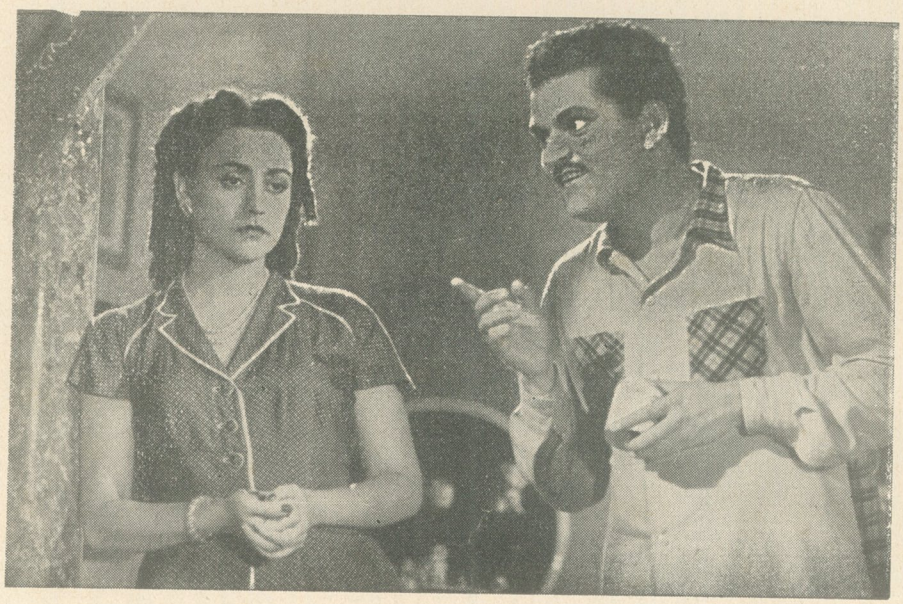
The human story is intelligently portrayed and directed with a deep understanding of human nature, its various values and weaknesses. Bhagwan does the director's job very well.

While Geeta Bali has a glamour role to play as Asha and she gives an excellent account of her versatile art, it is Bhagwan who, despite several defects in looks and personality, gives the best performance in the intensely human role of Pyare. His pathetic simplicity wins the sympathy of the audience and by the time the picture ends Bhagwan scores the most points.

Badri Prasad lives his role as Pyare's father. No one could have done better than Badri in this simple domestic role which lends a rare dignity to poverty from scene to scene.

Dulari is quite good as Mohan's wife. The girl deserves encouragement.

All in all, "Albela" is an excellent entertainer and as such worth seeing. It is a good money spinner for exhibitors all over India.



Is it a blackmailing situation between Naseem and Tewari? Otherwise why does Tewari point his finger at Naseem in "Betaab", a social story produced and directed by Harbans for Sushil Pictures?

C.M.TRIVEDI
PRESENTS

To him no sacrifice was too great in the cause of TRUTH!

SUMITRA
PREM ADIB
TIWARI
BIPIN GUPTA
LALITA PAWAR
AND
GOPE

IN

Raja Harishchandra

Directed by
RAMANLAL DESAI

Music
AVINASH VYAS

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OUR REVIEW

"Mukhra", A Stupid And Boring Picture!

Dangerous For Film Fans & Exhibitors!

"Mukhra" is supposed to be a romantic comedy. It is in fact a tragedy of a good man's ambition in motion picture production.

Rotten and boring, the picture has such a stale story that long before the interval its stink drives the audience out of the theatre. And when one sees even the lower class audience leaving a theatre half way through the picture with filthy abuse on the lips and disgust in the mind, one must admit that "Mukhra" scores a new record in mass boredom.

Fantastic stupidity is the general strain in which all the characters of the story are portrayed from the beginning to the end and we don't get even a fleeting glimpse of art or sense anywhere in the long footage of the picture.

The story opens in the dispensary of a quack, Dr. Hariram, who is in love with his poor neighbour's daughter, Kunti. Kunti is supposed to be a young college girl but Kuldip who plays the role looks like a mother of several college girls.

After straining our imagination in asking us to accept Kunti as a college girl, we are soon taken to Nirmala. a rich college girl and friend of Kunti. Throughout the picture, we could not determine the exact sex of Nirmala, the way she looked. Accepting the dress she wore as the only evidence of her being a female, we would still invite some obstetrician to certify this artiste as a woman, so that the myth of the fair sex being usually fair, beautiful and charming, may be exploded once for all.

At Nirmala's party, Kunti sings a song and is introduced as the only daughter of one Dewan Hemraj, a multimillionaire. Kunti does not like the wrong introduction but she is silenced by Nirmala. Kuldip, the son of Rai Sahib Shanker Das, switches his interest from Nirmala to Kunti and insists on dropping her home in his car.

The "home" is naturally Dewan Hemraj's house and in keeping with the pretence of being his daughter, Kunti is pushed into his house through an open window. But when, after Kuldip's departure, Kunti tries to escape from the house, she is surprised by the old Dewan Hemraj, revolver in hand.

The usual misunderstandings and complications follow but they all contribute to the romance between Kunti and Kuldip. Kuldip soon learns of Kunti's poor extraction but decides to marry her inspite of his father's opposition.

After some more misunderstandings, in which Dewan Hemraj plays the good godfather to the young lovers, the story ends in Kunti being married to Kuldip right in her own poor quarters.

FANTASTICALLY STUPID

The whole story is so fantastically stupid that it fails to convince. It is a sheer waste of time, money and raw film to produce a picture like "Mukhra".

With the exception of a couple of snappy songs, the production values of the picture are nil. Almost everything is classically stupid. Shorey's direction is just idiotic. The man does not seem to have any sense of drama at all.

Kuldip is wrongly cast as an unmarried college girl. She looks too old and heavy for the role. The woman, however, puts in a very sincere effort to overcome all her handicaps and gives a pretty good performance.

Neeta, who plays Nirmala, should be chased out of the screen. She has a disgustingly unwomanly appearance and a repulsive personality. And when she smiles, she shows teeth of which canine females would be ashamed. Apart from looks, her performance is stupid.

Satish Batra who plays Kuldip has a very common personality but he has some acting talent which he shows in bits inspite of a stupid story and more stupid direction.

MUKHRA

Producers	**Shorey Art**
Language:	**Hindustani**
Story:	**Roop K. Shorey**
Dialogue:	**I. S. Johar**
Songs:	**Aziz Kashmiri**
Music:	**Vinod**
Photography:	**Joshi & Ratra**
Recording:	**Kapoor & Katrak**
Cast:	**Kuldeep, Satish Batra, Majnu, Neeta etc.**
Released At:	**Capitol, Bombay**
Date of Release:	**December 7th 1951**

Directed By:

ROOP K. SHOREY.

The man who plays Dewan Hemraj speaks and acts well. He is a good type for character portrayals.

In fine, "Mukhra" is perhaps the most stupid and boring picture seen on the screen in recent times. And even the illiterate, screen-crazy masses seem to think so, the way many of them leave the theatre half way through. It is a severe mental strain to see "Mukhra" and it will strain the financial resources of the most solvent exhibitor in the country.

OUR REVIEW

"Madhosh" Flops Miserably!

Wadia's Stupid and Boring Picture

It is a pity that an educated man like Jamshed Wadia, with his long experience of 20 years in the motion picture field, should have produced a stupid picture like "Madhosh" in these days when the theatre has become an extension of the school room not only to entertain but to educate our masses.

"Madhosh" is an old hash which stinks of familiarity in every foot of its long length. Additionally, it reminds you of "Duel in the Sun" with the only difference that "Madhosh" is perhaps the most distorted version of the raw, elemental romance found in the Hollywood picture.

FEUD AND LOVE

It is the usual feud and love story. The two families of Rambhaji and Bhujba are hostile to each other while Raya, Rambhaji's son, falls in love with Soni, Bhujba's daughter. When Rambhaji objects to their marriage, Raya, a reckless youth, tries to run away with Soni. In doing so, however, he gets involved in the crime of stabbing a police officer and soon becomes a refugee from law. Soni also runs away with him.

A gipsy girl who loves Raya gets Raya and Soni married. A refugee from law, Rava's married life becomes one long nightmare to both the lovers. Ultimately, Soni returns heartbroken to her parents but then Raya once again contacts her.

In this meeting they are surprised by the police. Now we come to the "Duel In The Sun" climax in which Soni kills half of the audience with boredom before she dies and Raya kills the other half while crawling to his death on the bosom of his sweetheart.

The picture is very poor in production values. In fact there is nothing in it for the eye, except one song which pleases the ear. To call the direction stupid is saying it too mildly.

Meena Kumari plays Soni, the heroine. The girl has looks but no work is taken out of her. In her passionate love scenes, there is neither love nor passion.

Manhar Desai is a good addition to the screen. He has voice and talent. But he has been made to shout and overact all the time in the role of Raya.

Usha Kiran gives a good performance as the gipsy girl and dances pretty gracefully inspite of her fat face and bulky figure. The girl needs rationed food to lose some weight.

Mubarak walks through the picture with his characteristic indifference. He seems to have become too old for screen work.

The rest hardly deserve to be noticed.

In short, "Madhosh" is an utterly stupid and boring picture and as such not worth seeing at all. Exhibitors are bound to lose on this picture.

MADHOSH

Producers:	**Wadia Films Ltd.**
Language:	**Hindustani**
Screenplay:	**J. B. H. Wadia**
Dialogue:	**Naseem and Lateef**
Songs:	**Mehdi Ali Khan**
Music:	**Madan Mohan**
Photography:	**R. D. Mathur**
Recording:	**R. G. Pushalkar**
Cast:	**Meena Kumari, Usha Kiran, Manhar Desai, Mubarak etc.**
Released At:	**New Empire, Bombay**
Date of Release:	**7th December 1951**

Directed By:

J. B. H. WADIA

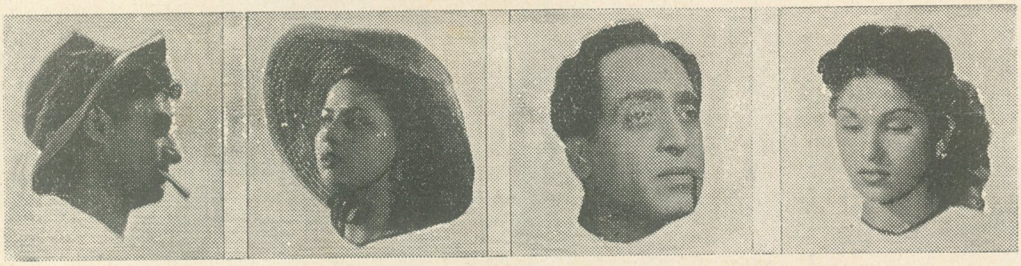
A Woman ensnared!

WHO LET HER HEART
RULE HER ACTIONS...
...SET AGAINST THE
ATMOSPHERIC BACKGROUND
OF A FISHING VILLAGE

DIRECTED BY **GURU DUTT**
PRODUCED BY **T.R.FATEHCHAND**
MUSIC BY **S.D.BURMAN**
PHOTOGRAPHY **V.K.MURTHY**

filmarts

JAAL



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OUR REVIEW

"Minoti", A Fraud On Filmgoers!

Bengali Producers Must Choose Good Stories!

Bengal is known to be the treasure house of literature and if any Bengali film producer fails to take advantage of the same and reveals bankruptcy in choosing a good story and instead presents a rotten and stupid picture, he deserves no sympathy. It is a pity that inspite of several pictures failing miserably at the box-office recently, some Bengali producers, particularly new entrants like the National India Theatres, do not yet wake up and learn their lesson, that only a good story pays in the long run. Such producers have no justification to waste money, time and energy by producing trashes like "Minoti" and many others.

In these days of general economic depression and with capital so shy in Bengal, it is a crime to produce pictures like "Minoti" and waste celluloid for which we have to pay so heavily. Besides, it constitutes a regular fraud on the picture-goers who are cheated of their hard earned money by attractive advertisements of such rotten pictures.

The story of "Minoti" is written by one Charu Mukerjee and it had a good purposeful theme seeking to convey to our unfortunate and helpless young girls that even under extreme strain of poverty and starvation they should not sell their body. This is the main theme on which the entire story depended but neither the story writer nor the screenplay writer could develop this theme properly due probably to lack of imagination with the result that the picture has become a sketchy caricature of a high sounding theme.

MONEY FOR FLESH

Rekha, a poor girl, has no one in this world except an old and sickly mother. In order to earn an honest living, she goes to Shekhar Rai's office in search of a job. Because poor Rekha has good looks and charm, Shekhar, who is a debauch and needs a new woman every day to satisfy his lust, takes an immediate fancy to Rekha and offers her a job on the condition that she agrees to become his mistress. Shocked at this unusual proposal she returns home disappointed but the sight of empty pots and her dying mother compels her to go back to Shekhar and accept the job under that degrading condition in order to save her mother.

Here the story takes a sudden and abrupt turn and we are shown Minoti, another unfortunate and helpless village girl. After her mother and little brother Bablu were kidnapped by the dacoits, their lustful eyes fall on Minoti. In order to save herself from them she runs away from the village with her old father and takes shelter in an old dilapidated house in a jungle far away from the village. To earn a living she disguises herself as a boy and assumes the name of Sadhan and sells flowers in the market. Here she meets Ratan, a young "chanachur-wallah". Close friendship develops between Sadhan and Ratan without Ratan knowing Sadhan's real sex.

On the other side though Shekhar and Rekha live under the same roof and agree on many points, yet mentally they are far apart and Rekha always pleads to Shekhar not to spoil the lives of young and unfortunate girls as he had done with her.

One day Minoti while trying to catch a boy, whom she mistook to be her brother, falls down and her real identity is revealed to Ratan who is surprised to find that Sadhan was not a boy but a girl.

This incident gives a new twist to Ratan's and Minoti's relationship which now turns into love. Ratan decides to set up a home with Minoti and make a beginning as street-singers. But unfortunately the eyes of Kalachand, a personal servant and aid of Shekhar in all his misdeeds, fall on Minoti and one day she is kidnapped by Shekhar and kept in a room under the same roof where Rekha lived. Rekha tries to escape with Minoti but she is caught.

Ratan learns about this incident and in order to rescue his beloved, he rushes to Shekhar's house and reaches Minoti's room with the help of Rekha. Kalachand, who attempts to stand in the way, falls a victim to Rekha's revolver shot. In the confusion, Ratan escapes with Minoti but Shekhar gives him a hot chase followed by the police and finally Shekhar loses his life by another bullet from Rekha and soon the over-bored audience is subjected to a further torture of a long sermon delivered by Rekha on woman's duty and the need of greater vigilance against social pests like Shekhar.

The production values are very poor. The story is crude and full of inconsistencies. It moves in a very leisurely manner without gathering any tempo or action. Having no dramatic highlights the story becomes tame, unconvincing and extremely boring. The comedy punches are cheap and vulgar and have no bearing on the story proper. The dialogue is insipid and the direction amateurish. Photography and recording are poor. Dances are unimpressive. Ram Chandra Pal has, however, given a few good tunes but they don't pull the picture out of the general morass.

Sulochana Chatterjee, who went all the way to Calcutta to play the role of Rekha, disappoints badly. The way the story has been developed does not give her a dog's chance to reveal her talent. Smriti as Minoti, is quite charming and she gives a pleasing performance particularly in her gay moments. Paresh Banerjee as Ratan is tolerably good in parts. Kamal Mittra, as Shekhar, is impressive as the conventional rogue. In the supporting roles Gokul Mukerjee as Minoti's father and Chhaya Devi as the mother attract special attention in their respective roles.

"Minoti" is a criminal waste of celluloid and a fraud on picture-goers. It is boring in every foot, and as such, not worth wasting money. It is a risky proposition for the profit-loving exhibitor.

MINOTI

Producers:	**National India Theatres**
Language:	**Bengali**
Story:	**Charu Mukerjee**
Music:	**Ram Chandra Pal**
Photography:	**Ramen Pal**
Recording:	**J. D. Irani**
Cast:	**Sulochana Chatterjee, Smriti, Chhaya, Paresh Banerjee, Kamal Mittra etc.**
Released At:	**Chitra**
Date of Release:	**November 11th, 1951**

Directed By:
BENOY BANERJEE

OUR REVIEW

"Sampad", A Trash In Bengali!

Picture Fails Miserably To Entertain!

Assam—the land of two leaves and a bud—is famous for its scenic beauty, rich forests and wild animal life. National India Pictures' "Sampad" presents a story against this picturesque background and as a change from the conventional drawing room romantic stories with artificial sets, it was expected that this picture would provide some relief both to the eye and the mind but the picture has proved a very disappointing fare in all respects. It is neither pleasing nor entertaining and all the rich material available has been simply wasted on an insipid story, carelessly handled.

The story is written by Narayan Ganguly, a noted writer of the modern school and whatever potentialities it might have had in its original form, the theme has been simply murdered for want of imaginative treatment. With the background of Assam tea gardens, one expected the story to deal with the actual tribal life there and present the sighs and smiles of the tea-garden workers with their environment. But, alas! An attempt to entertain has been made by introducing some comedy. but it fails to create laughter.

Prakash Dutt is the owner of some rich tea gardens. In one of his colonies lived an Indian Christian family, consisting of old McCartney, his wife Debi and two adopted children, Sonali and Jayant. These children were brought up since their very infancy by McCartney as his own children. Debi McCartney loves the boy, Jayant, and to keep him always near her she even feigns blindness.

TEA GARDEN ROMANCE

The story opens when the boy Jayant has grown into a robust young man doing nothing for a living but always championing the cause of the oppressed against the oppressor. He was commonly known as the "Pagla Saheb" and was very fond of hunting and adventure.

The supervisor of the tea gardens was one Mr. Jackson, a devil in disguise. The cooly sirdar's daughter, Lachmi, falls a victim to his lust and passion, but

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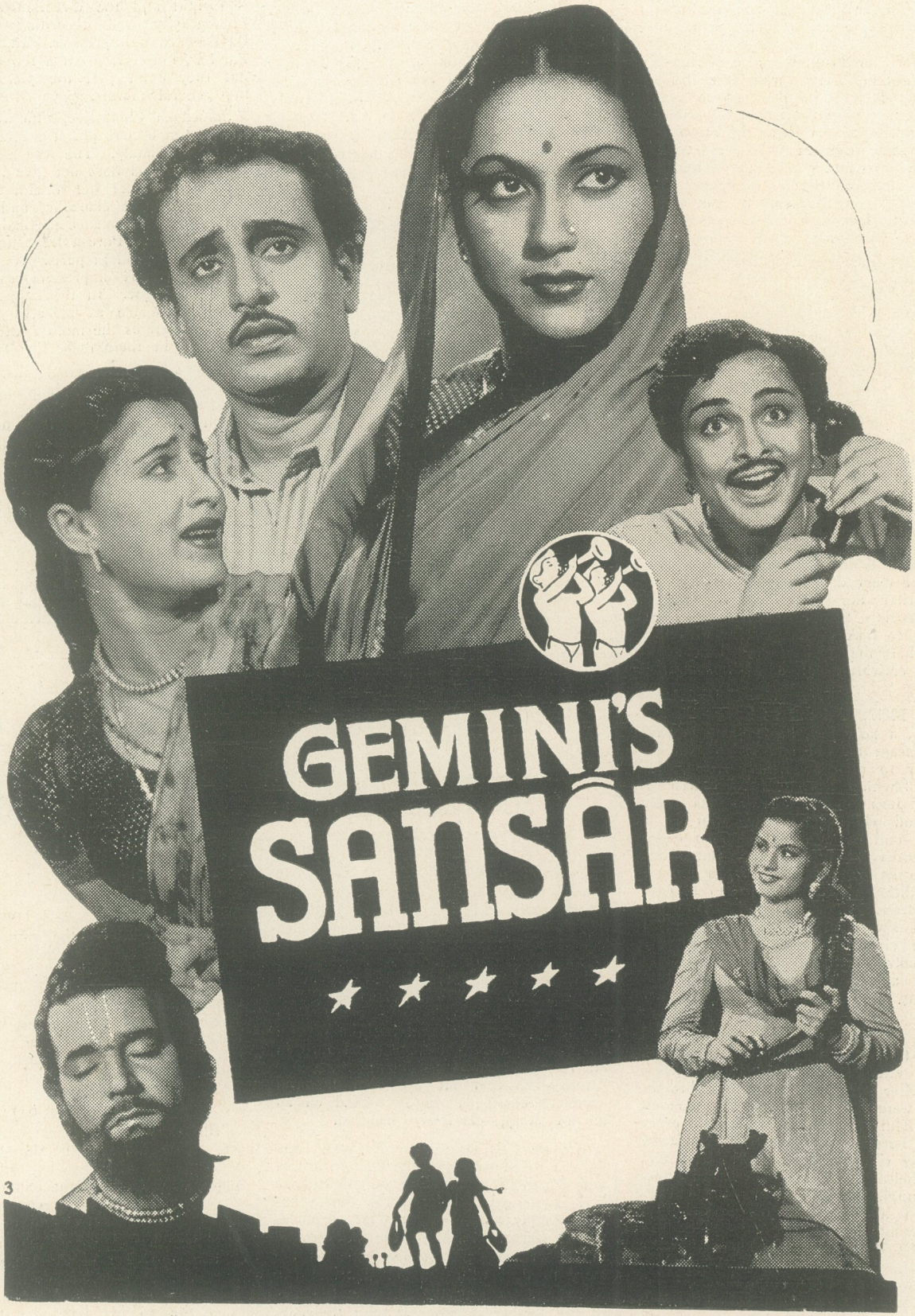


"THE BEST BY TEST" OF ITS PHENOMENAL POPULARITY IN CENTRES NOW SHOWING.

there was no one who could raise a finger against Jackson or protest against his lecherous behaviour till one day Jayant challenges him to a duel. Unfortunately Prakash arrives on the spot and orders Jayant out of his gardens.

About this time Prakash's niece, Namita, and her brother, Ajay, arrive from Calcutta on a holiday. Soon old McCartney falls a victim to the attack of a bear and while dying he tells Sonali that Jayant is not his own son. He had picked him up in his infancy and the papers about his real identity, which were in a blue cover, were hidden by his wife fearing that Jayant would desert her if he knew the truth.

The death of McCartney brings Jayant in close touch with the Dutta family and Namita, the city-bred college girl is attracted towards the unsophisticated youth Jayant. Jayant too is attracted towards her and he starts paying her court by visiting her house. This causes a bit of nervousness in the mind of his foster mother.

Sonali, who now knows the secret of Jayant's life, cherishes a hidden desire to possess him but when she sees a competitor in Namita, she is heart-broken. Just at this time the labourers, who were oppressed too long, revolt and go to Prakash for redress but instead, their leader, the cooly sirdar, is kicked to death. The labourers now depend on Jayant's help to punish the culprit, Jayant being the only eye-witness to the tragedy. Jayant finds himself in a fix as he has to choose between his love for Namita and his duty towards the oppressed. Love prevails and Jayant makes a false statement that the cooly sirdar had accidentally fallen down the staircase and died. This enrages the labourers against Jayant and they want to kill him but he is saved by his foster mother who discloses the secret about Jayant.

Purnima looks quite innocent and inviting in "Saloni", a social story of Goodluck Pictures.

Prakash now learns the true facts about Jayant from Sonali and wants to take away the sealed cover from Debi under threats, because the rich tea gardens which he now owned actually belonged to Jayant's father who had been murdered by him.

Finding himself in deep waters and in danger of being exposed, Prakash sets fire to Jayant's house hoping that Jayant's mother and the secret would die forever. Jayant, however, rescues his mother and at the same time learns the actual truth about himself and the reason why it was hidden from him. He throws away the blue cover into the burning fire swearing eternal love for his foster mother who was dying in his arms. The labourers, now knowing the real truth about Jayant, turn their attention towards Prakash and want to kill him but he is saved by Jayant.

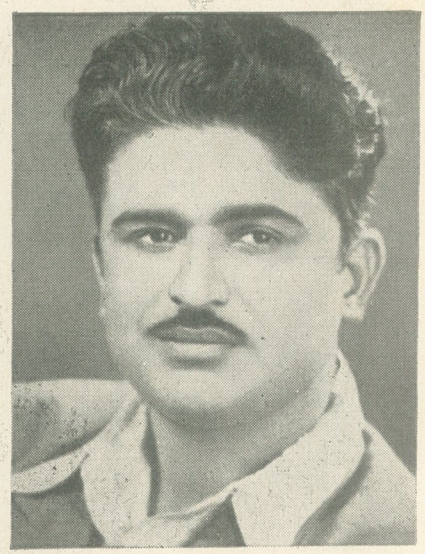
It has been the professed ambition of Director Ardhendu Mukerjee to give something new both in story and in presentation with every new picture. But it is a sad reflection that, instead of improving with every picture, he has been going down and down and in "Sampad" he seems to have completely lost sight of his so-called ambition.

POOR DIRECTION!

There are so many loose ends in the story that its continuity suffers. The situations are so disjointed that they fail to convince. It seems as if the director himself did not know what he actually wanted to convey. In fact one does not clearly understand the theme—whether it is about mother love or class warfare, as both these elements are abundantly available in the plot of the story.

The director, who has about a dozen pictures to his credit, or shall we say to his discredit, should have known the elementary principles of motion picture production that he can not create any dramatic interest or sustain the same in a story by merely padding the situations with irrelevant shots of no importance. The production values are very poor and the director seems to have somehow completed the footage. He has introduced many silly and stupid situations and has made much fuss over them without rhyme or reason. Even the photographic compositions of the outdoors are damnably poor.

The background music becomes so much noise and drowns even the dialogue at places. Music and songs are very poor.



C. Ramchandra vindicates his versatile knowledge of popular music in "Albela" produced by Bhagwan.

Sova Sen in the role of the foster mother tries hard to give a good performance. Though she acts pretty well, she does not convince because of a poorly developed story.

Samir Kumar, a new comer in the role of Jayant, has only a robust physique but not the vitality required in a hero. He gives a wooden performance.

Ramola Choudhury, another new comer in the role of Namita, is a complete washout. She fails to impress as a college girl and all the blurb about her histrionic talent has proved false.

Pronati Ghose, though comparatively a new comer, has done pretty well in the role of Sonali. She has good looks and talent and can improve under better direction. Nitish Mukerjee as Prakash, the villain of the story, is not very convincing even though he tries hard to adjust his moods according to the demands of the various situations.

"Sampad" in short is a sheer waste of good opportunity and rich material. There is nothing in the picture to deserve any credit. It is trash that fails miserably either to enlighten or entertain. A risky packet for exhibitors!

SAMPAD

Producers: National India Pictures Ltd.
Language: Bengali
Story: Narayan Ganguly
Music: Girin Chakraburty
Photography: A. Banerjee & T. Das
Recording: Samar Bose
Cast: Nitish Mukerjee, Samir Kumar, Sova Sen, Pronati Ghose, Ramola Choudhury etc.
Released At: Minar
Date of Release: October 27th, 1951
Directed By:
ARDHENDU MUKERJEE

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OUR REVIEW

"Sudarsan" Revives An Old Story !

Well Produced But Not Popular !

The picture "Sudarsan", in addition to telling a good old story in an attractive manner, tries to highlight two evils prevalent in South India. For one thing, Tamil is being put on the rack, tortured, twisted and mangled out of shape by adventurers who turn out so-called Tamil films which are as much Tamil as chalk is cheese. The other is the presence of the blood-sucking Marwari moneylender from the North, who has made himself so very odious that there is a regular and universal intolerance of the North Indian in the South. "Sudarsan" seeks to caricature this type of an inhuman monster.

The story is too well known to need telling in detail. It concerns a very devout potter, who, in his devotion to the Lord, tramples his own child to death along with the clay he was kneading under his feet. Thereafter he refuses conjugal rights to his wife, whereon, with a view to perpetuating the line, the wife gets him married to her own sister. A well-meaning father implores the son-in-law potter in the name of the Lord not to treat his second wife as he was treating his first wife but here again the newly-wed wife finds herself a stranger to her husband's bed. When the two sisters devise a stratagem to reclaim their husband, the potter in his zeal cuts away both his hands for they had become polluted and false to his vows.

The potter is unable to work and so hunger stalks the home. Lord Vithal comes down in the shape of a boy and serves the potter and toils for the family. When the moneylender institutes proceedings for the recovery of money from the potter, the Lord turns the tables on him. To add to his other indiscretions, the potter has signed away all that he had to the State under the infatuation of a celebrated dancer, who had once been a street singer and despoiled by men of the ilk of the moneylender.

Ultimately the Lord reveals himself. Murari the potter gets back both his hands: his son Sudarsan returns from the dead while Murari and his two wives are absolved of the consequences of their foolish vows. All ends well.

THE INIMITABLE KANNAMBA

While P. U. Chinnappa as Murari puts across a good performance, it is Baliah, P. Kannamba, Lalitha and Master Raghavan that claim all the acting honours in the picture.

T. S. Baliah gives a sparkling performance as the unscrupulous moneylender with a shady past. He typifies the cold, callous marwari in the South who lends money to others with the diabolical intention to bring about their utter ruination. The way he imitates the broken Tamil of these parasites is masterly.

P. Kannamba reasserts her supremacy as the one actress in South India who can play the part of the wronged woman with such a remarkable fidelity. In this picture she rises to great heights, especially in the sequence when she puts a few straight questions to God. To add to it, she is the only Telugu artiste who speaks almost flawless Tamil.

Lalitha playing the part of the street singer gives a good performance. As a street girl clad in a half skirt and blouse, she looks charming.

Master Raghavan playing the part of the Lord has a captivating smile and a bright face and he seems intelligent enough to have a good future.

While there is nothing worth while mentioning about the dialogue, it has to be said that the way it is delivered, lends life to the picture.

One noteworthy fact about this film is that its songs are set to Karnatic tunes and every one of them sounds appropriate. The lullaby sung by Kannamba is soothing and pleasant. It is time the South Indian producers realized that Karnatic music is more suitable for Tamil films than the stolen tunes from the North.

The technical work is generally good and the production values are suitable. And yet with all its good points, "Sudarsan" is not reported to be doing well at the box-offices. Perhaps people still remember Gemini's "Chakradhari" and indulge in unconscious comparison.

SUDARSAN

Producers:	Rayal Talkie Distributors
Language:	Tamil
Story & Dialogue:	Ilangovan & A. S. A. Sami
Music:	G. Ramanathan
Lyrics:	Papanasam Sivan and K. D. Santhanam
Photography:	P. Ramasami & others
Audiography:	M. D. Rajaram & Iyer
Cast:	P. U. Chinnappa, T. S. Baliah, P. B. Rangachari, Master A. L. Raghavan, P. Kannamba, Lalitha, Yogamangalam.
Released At:	Casino, Madras
Date of Release:	29th November 1951

Directed By:

SUNDAR RAO NADKARNI

&

A. S. A. SAMI

OUR REVIEW

"Sthree Sahasam" Becomes A Killer !

Filmgoers Must Run Away From This Nonsense !

Nowhere has the adage, "Fine feathers do not make a fine bird" been better illustrated than in this inordinately long and tortuous film which attempts nothing, achieves nothing and ends in nothing. The money spent on this picture could have been poured down the drain with less labour.

It would be charitable if some South Indian producers would refrain from inflicting torture after torture on the poor credulous filmgoer by foisting on him third rate namby-pamby stuff, when he is in sore need of relaxation or entertainment.

Perhaps it is a sign of the times that, when white caps masquerade as superpatriots, any brew from the witch's cauldron should try to pass muster as a fantasy. It would be fantastic to call this story a fantasy. It is so stupid.

There is a prince who resists his father's entreaties to get married and wear the crown. The father imperiously orders the son to get married and to devise a way out of the impasse the prince suggests that all eligible princesses should be assembled together and he would marry only that girl who would fulfil three demands he would ask of her.

The three stipulations are: Without using the resources of either, her father or her new home, she should build a palace of sapphire, emerald and lapis lazuli. She should, without the knowledge of her husband and without losing her chastity, become a mother and she should get the girl with whom the prince should hereafter fall in love married to him.

Of all the girls assembled, only Manohari has the grit to accept the terms offered by the prince, who being thus cornered marries her. And on that very day, the prince accompanied by his friend Alagesan leaves the city in quest of adventure. Manohari, also accompanied by her friend Rani, sets out to fulfil her commitments.

It would be futile to follow the girl Manohari through the adventures in her attempts to fulfil her commitments. She fools a deposed, all-powerful minister of an imbecile king, along with her companion Rani, into building a dream palace for her. The prince is also in the same kingdom and has become the favourite minister of the king in place of the deposed minister and he has fallen in love with the king's daughter, Komali, but he sees no way of declaring his love to her.

ALL ENDS WELL

The king is afflicted with some fell disease and when no physician is able to cure him, Manohari penetrates the Snake-land, procures a magic herb and cures the king. She obtains the hand of Komali as recompense. The prince is fooled into believing that he could sleep with Komali and is actually led to the bed of the princess Manohari who becomes pregnant by him. Then Manohari returns to her husband's home.

STARRING

NIRUPA ROY ★ SHAHOU MOADAK ★ VANMALA

S. N. TRIPATHI ★ NIRANJAN SHARMA

SHANTA KUNWAR & DHULIA

with

SAPRU & LALITA PAWAR

Directed by

DHIRUBHAI DESAI

Produced by

VINODCHANDRA DESAI

WRITTEN BY

S. N. TRIPATHI

V. MAHAROTRA

LYRICS

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Dev Anand plays the lead in "Jaal", a social story of Filmarts.

The prince repudiates the child and his wife is condemned to be burnt alive under his orders but deliverance comes at the last moment. Explanations follow and Manohari stands vindicated. All ends well.

The writer of the story has taxed the imagination of the filmgoers to a point of mental torture. He asks them to swallow a camel wholesale to justify his own stupidity.

Anjali Devi who plays Manohari does not seem to have either the face or the figure or even the intelligence to play the role. She acts like a Carnival girl most of the time and utterly fails to impress. Anjali Devi exhibits neither grace nor variety in her dances.

Nageswara Rao, who plays the part of the prince, looks an absolute misfit. He has neither a princely mien nor the demeanour nor the personality to make him an eligible bridegroom in the eyes of any girl, leave alone a princess. Even without the awful conditions stipulated by him, any girl would have shied at the prospect of marrying him and Manohari could be called a prize fool to have risked so much danger for the doubtful honour of being wedded to a man who looks more like a weasel than a prince. Looks apart, Nageswara Rao's work is utterly disappointing.

Other artistes in the picture are not worth mentioning. They do not act. Moreover they are there not because they have any vital parts to play but because they have to be there to provide a foil to Anjali Devi and Nageswara Rao to set off their "brilliance". These two fail so miserably that their failure affects other members of the cast as well.

The only thing good about the picture is its framing. The settings are magnificent. While the dialogue and songs are extremely commonplace, Song (2) has the following lewd and suggestive lines:—

Female: "I am still a virgin. I am still a rose untouched by hand".

Male: "Do not lose heart. I shall mingle with thee".

This unblushing invitation to sex relationship is becoming a more and more pronounced feature of Tamil films these days and unless the censors become vigilant, we shall shortly have films dripping with lewd sex.

This picture also suffers from the usual symptom of Telugu artistes trying to speak Tamil.

Unless an exhibitor is bent on committing suicide, he will give this picture a wide berth, while filmgoers will be well advised to avoid this picture on grounds of health. The picture is a regular killer.

STHREE SAHASAM

Producers:	**Vinodha Productions**
Language:	**Tamil**
Story:	**S. Raghavacharya**
Dialogue:	**Udhayakumar**
Music:	**C. R. Subburaman**
Lyrics:	**U. Narayana Kavi**
Cast:	**Nageswara Rao, C. S. R. Anjaneyalu, Anjali Devi, Suryaprabha.**
Released At:	**Chitra, Madras.**
Date of Release:	**16th November, 1951**

Directed By:
VEDANTAM RAGHAVIAH

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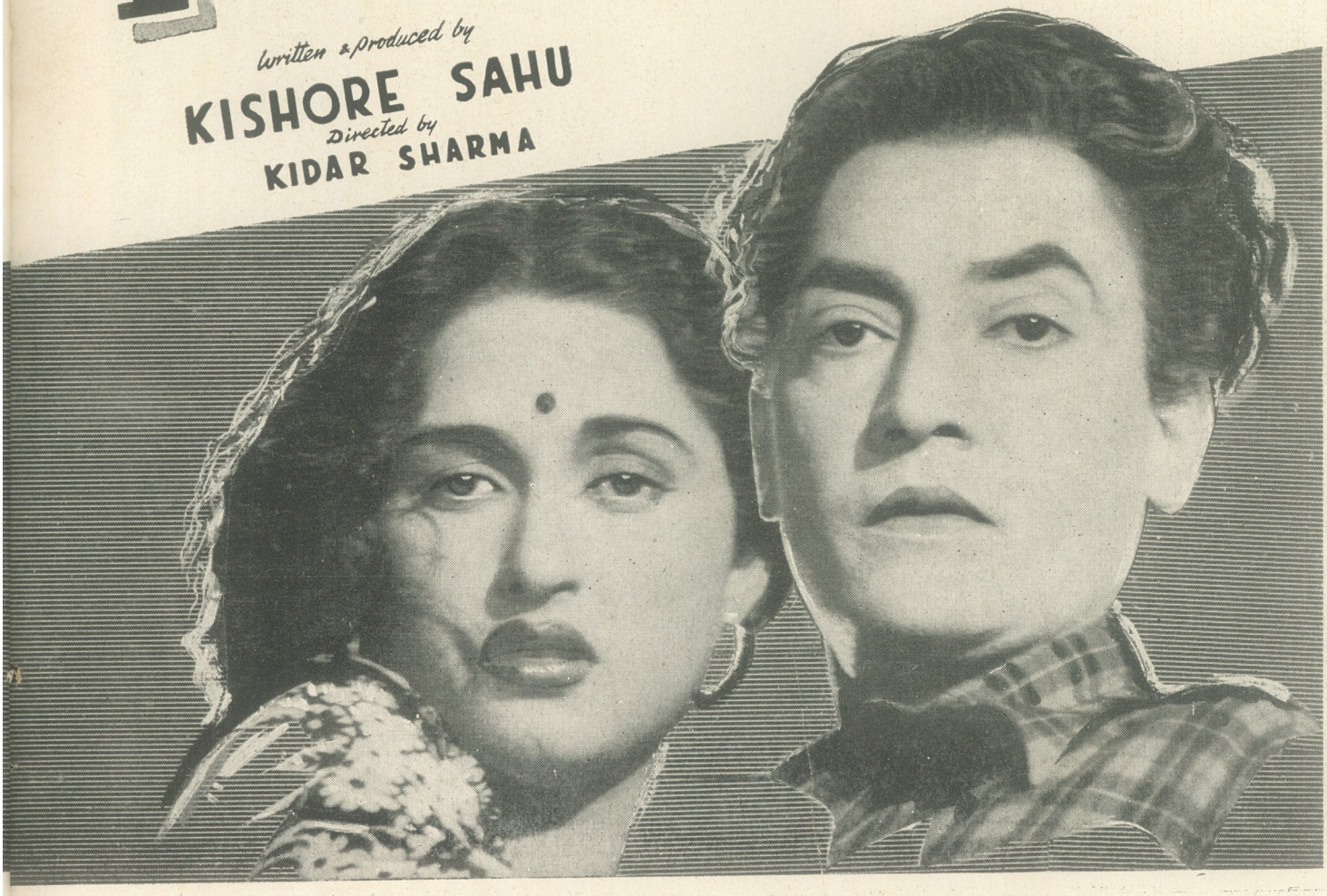
PNA

written & produced by

KISHORE SAHU

Directed by

KIDAR SHARMA



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AT HOME AND ABROAD

DEATH IN A MILLION!

Calcutta, December 8.

Pramathesh Chandra Barua, one of India's ace directors, died on Thursday the 6th December, after a short illness. P.C.B., as he was affectionately known in film circles, was keeping indifferent health for the last few years and his death at the premature age of 48, is indeed a shock to the Indian film industry.

Born at Gauripur, Assam, on 24th October 1903, P. C. Barua was the eldest son of Raja Provat Chandra Barua, a zamindar. He graduated in science in 1924 but his soul craved all the time for artistic expression. Prince he was but a sensitive and intelligent one and this took him to films. He first made his debut in "Panchasar", a silent film directed by Debaki Bose, in a small role and then worked as a villain in "Bhagyalakshmi". Later he went to France and learnt cinematography under well-known cameraman Rogers. Armed with this knowledge and a natural urge to create art, he now took to producing, directing and acting.

Barua joined New Theatres in 1934 and directed many pictures, some of them immortal masterpieces like "Devdas", "Adhikar", "Manzil", "Mukti" in Bengali and Hindustani. In fact, his pictures became so popular that they gave a new significance to the struggling Indian film industry and glory to New Theatres. His direction scaled the lofty heights of thought and philosophy, particularly in "Devdas", and intellectuals formed a large part of his fan following.

After he left New Theatres, he started his own production unit and directed "Shapmukti", "Mayer Pran", "Sesh Uttar". (the Hindustani version "Jawab" a box office hit) "Chander Kalanka", "Rani", "Iran Ki Ek Raat" and "Ameeree". These pictures, however, did not show Barua at his best but people remembered with pride his New Theatres' productions.

He crowded 48 years of his life with a multitude of interests besides films. He was a member of the Assam Legislative Council from 1928 to 1936, acting as the Chief Whip of the Swaraj Party during the years 1930-32. He was also a Fellow of the Calcutta University for six years. He had a passion for big game hunting and is said to have killed 52 tigers and several other wild animals.

Playing the hero in the Bengali version of "Devdas", opposite Jamuna, his sensational discovery, Barua fell in love with her and crowned the romance with marriage. They worked together as star and director and made quite a few pictures.

People from the film industry, big and small, attended the funeral and as the procession passed through the streets of Calcutta, thousands of film fans thronged to get a last glimpse of their favourite director. Most of the cinema houses in Calcutta and Howrah were closed as a mark of respect to Barua.

Barua leaves behind two widows and six sons, the eldest son Alokesh being a first class M.A. of the Calcutta University. To film devotees, he leaves behind the fragrant, undying memory of some beautiful pictures. As long as films last, Barua will remain an inspiration to true lovers of art. May his soul rest in peace!

INFECTING THE WORLD!

Paris, November 22.

Every government is nowadays concentrating on cultural propaganda with the help of delegations and goodwill missions but according to an American State Department official, the Soviet Union is doing a most perfect job of its cultural drive.

Last year, 39,000 Soviet athletes, scientists, writers, artists, musicians and ballet dancers, toured all over the world and imparted their cultural message. The Soviet Union was very well represented at the different international festivals and particularly at Milan, the exhibits were considered to be artistic and impressive.

In France alone, the Soviet Union is said to have spent 150 million dollars in a year which is more than what U.S.A. spends on its cultural drive throughout the whole world.

Indeed Communist culture seems to be the costliest!

WE MOURN WITH HER!

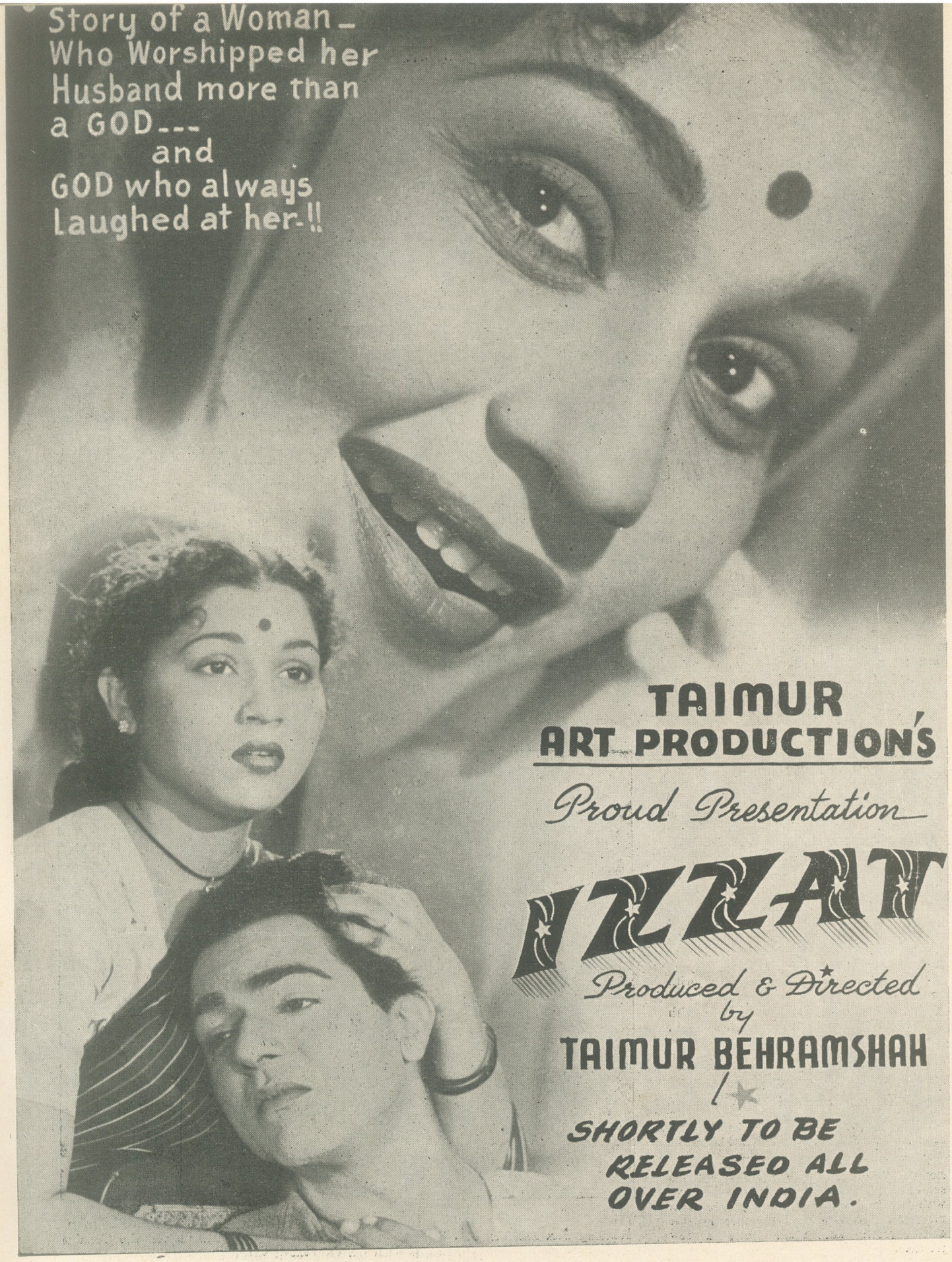
Calcutta, November 23.

Film star Mohana lost her husband Captain E. L. Downey, one of the best pilots in India, in the tragic air crash which occured near Dum Dum on the 21st November at 7-30 a.m., just a few minutes before landing.

It was a Deccan Airways passenger plane which was being piloted by Mr. Downey. There was a heavy fog which led to the crash and subsequent fire, killing 16 crew and passengers. There was only one survivor.

Mohana flew to Calcutta to identify the body. Married only three years ago,

Mr. S. S. Vasan, India's topmost producer, entertained Mr. Jack Siedman, leading Tax Adviser of Hollywood Moghuls, when the latter visited the Gemini Studios with his charming wife.



For particulars, contact:—

TAIMUR ART PRODUCTIONS,
119-21, DADA PHALKE ROAD,
BOMBAY—14.

Purnima doesn't like Amarnath coming so close in "Nirmal", a social story produced by Shanker Theatres.

she has a little son. Our heartfelt condolences to Mohana in her bereavement.

ISLAM!

London, December 9.

Zahur Ahmed Bajwa, Imam of the London mosque, raised an objection to a line in Herbert Wilcox's picture "The Lady With A Lamp" starring Anna Neagle, on religious grounds. This line occurs in the scene where Florence Nightingale, talking to her father on her return from the Crimean war, says: "I could have as many husbands as Mohamed's mother".

The British Board of Film Censors deleted this sentence and all copies of the picture in circulation were called back for this purpose. The Imam is happy and says: "The producers and censors have shown great understanding and consideration in meeting our request and sparing our people's feelings".

SABOTAGE!

Hollywood, December 1.

Film actress Mitzi Gaynor, 20, and her fiance Richard Coyle, a lawyer, have hit upon a new idea to test the durability of their future marriage which they are contemplating. Both share a home for a year and if all goes well, Mitzi will marry at 21. To give their scheme an air of respectability they have brought their mothers along.

And in a year's time, we will know where the rub started with two mothers-in-law nosing all the time. But does one have to wait that long to come to a conclusion?

IN MALAN'S MONSTERLAND!

London, November 17.

"Cry, The Beloved Country", a film on South Africa's racial problem made by London Films, was released at Durban, Cape Town and Johannesburg, towns infected with the germs of racial discrimination.

South Africa's racial laws as they stand today, don't permit non-Europeans to attend cinemas used by Europeans. Hence the stars who worked in this picture, both European and non-European boycotted the premiere.

This picture will be shown in India shortly.

PACKED UP!

London, December 4.

George Henry Powell, died at his home near Brighton, at the age of 71. He composed one of the most popular songs during World War I, "Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag".

WOOD & CELLULOID!

Rangoon, November 30.

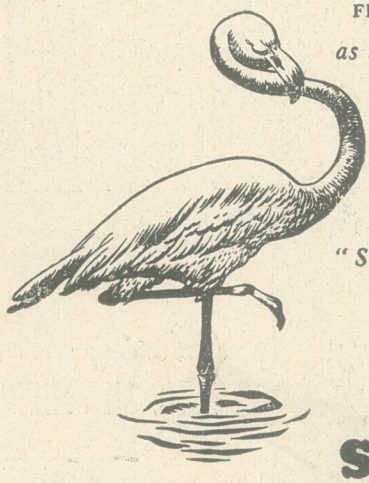
A fire broke out in a film godown belonging to the New China Film Company, killing a Chinese woman and her three children. Another Chinese woman jumped out of the window with her two year old child. The child died of shock and the mother sustained severe injuries.

The building was made of wood and the loss of films is estimated at Rs. 50,000/-. The fire started as a result of internal combustion.

CURIOUS FACTS . . . . NO - 1

DR. FLAMINGO'S INSOMNIA CURE

Have you tried going to sleep on one leg? FLAMINGOES *recommend it as the ideal posture for sound sleep. Another odd habit of theirs for combatting insomnia is twisting their long necks into an "S" shape.*



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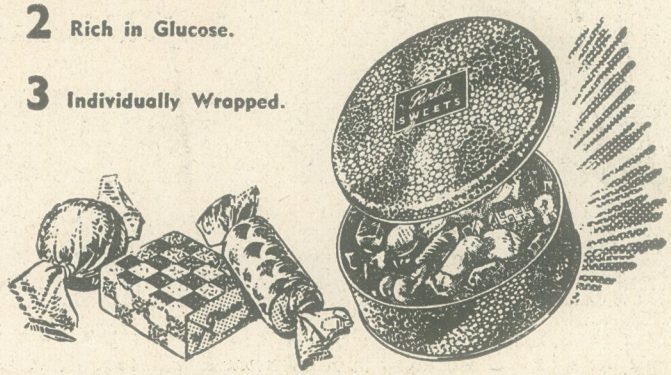

EVEREST. PS 52 E1

Kesar films PRESENT

GEETA BALI

in

Bahu Beti

Starring AMARNATH • JASWANT •
• S. NAZIR • LILA MISRA • NAZIRA • RASHEED & VIJAYA LAXMI •

Written by RAJINDER SINGH BEDI

Music : S. D. BATISH

Directed by C. L. DHEER

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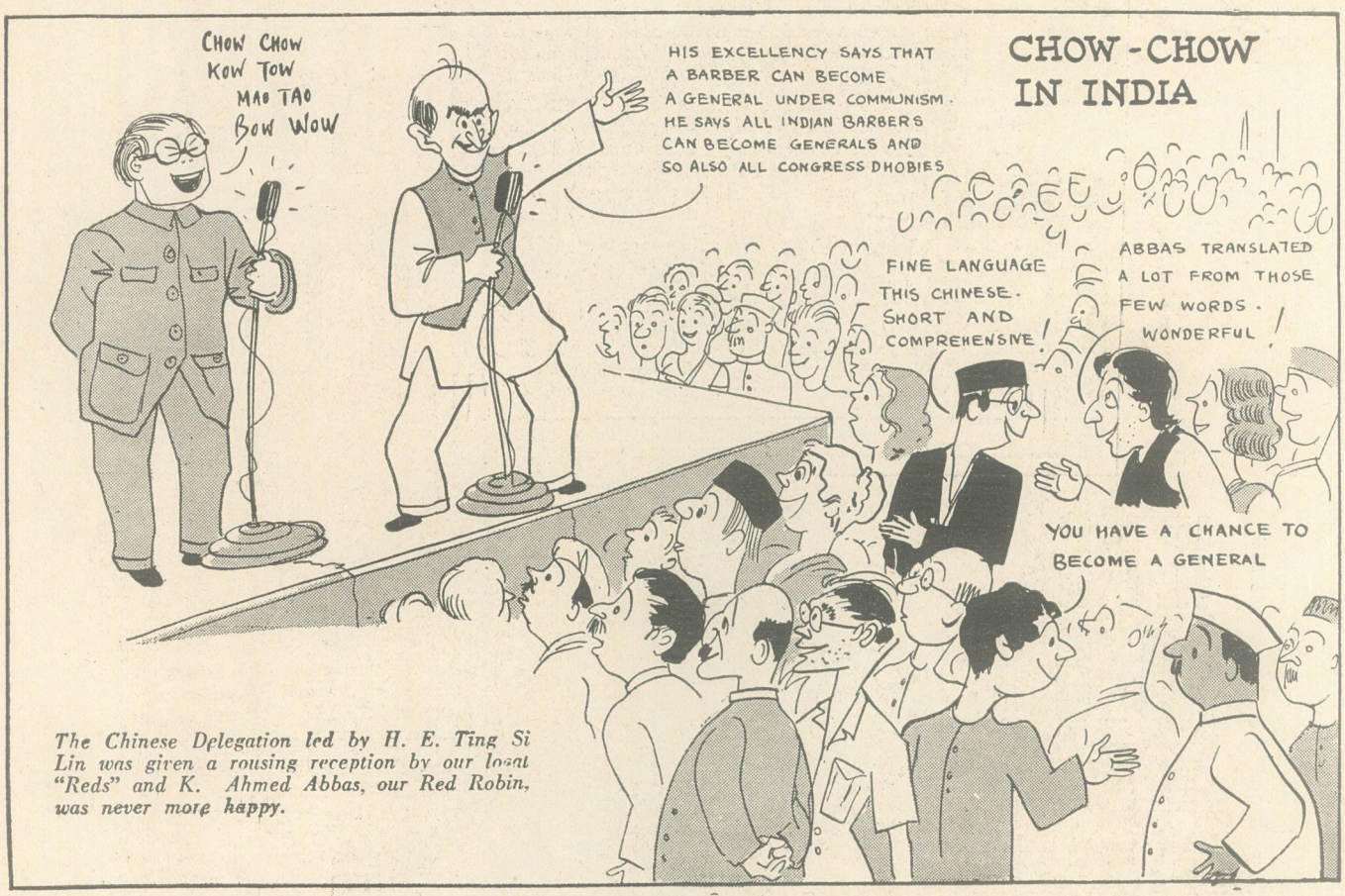

CHOW-CHOW IN INDIA
CHOW CHOW
KOW TOW
MAO TAO
BOW WOW
HIS EXCELLENCY SAYS THAT A BARBER CAN BECOME A GENERAL UNDER COMMUNISM. HE SAYS ALL INDIAN BARBERS CAN BECOME GENERALS AND SO ALSO ALL CONGRESS DHOBIES
FINE LANGUAGE THIS CHINESE. SHORT AND COMPREHENSIVE!
ABBAS TRANSLATED A LOT FROM THOSE FEW WORDS. WONDERFUL!
YOU HAVE A CHANCE TO BECOME A GENERAL

The Chinese Delegation led by H. E. Ting Si Lin was given a rousing reception by our local "Reds" and K. Ahmed Abbas, our Red Robin, was never more happy.

BAPTIZED AGAIN!

Calcutta, November 20.

The new association—Bengal Motion Picture Producers' Association—which was formed in October, met again at the Radha Film Studio on 18th November and rechristened itself as the Indian Film Producers' Association, to avoid confusion with the name of the existing parent body, the Bengal Motion Picture Association.

We hope this new association with Debaki Bose as the president gets going soon.

READYMADE CHILDREN

Hollywood, November 21.

Popular film actress Eve Arden married New York actor Brooks West. She has two adopted daughters so that makes Brooks a father without the least effort.

NOSE IN STITCHES!

Calcutta, November 25.

Bengali star Smriti Rekha Biswas met with a car accident while going to the Bengal National Studio. She injured her nose which has now been stitched up. When she gets all right, she will resume her work in "Shamsheer", a Bombay Talkies' picture.

WHAT A WOMAN!

Hollywood, November 22.

Rhonda Fleming was named as Hollywood's most athletic actress and with her fine curves, some even feel inclined to call her a female Samson. Rhonda rides, swims, skis, skeet shoots, plays tennis, volley ball and canasta!

Our female Samsons of the screen know only two arts—carrying and lifting weight.

DESERVES IT

Calcutta, November 30.

In trying to add realism to a fall in Premendra Mitra's "Hanabari" at the Indrapuri Studio, film actor Dhiraj Bhattacharjee fractured his ankle. He is now resting at home with a plastered leg and will not be able to begin work for another two months.

HER SECRET?

Hollywood, November 22.

Newly wedded bride, Babara Payton, quarrelled with hubby Franchot Tone and decided on a divorce. She said: "There is no reconciliation. I don't want one".

But Barbara had the surprise of her life when she came to know that Franchot had anticipated her and already filed divorce proceedings against her.

That gives a fresh opportunity to actor Tom Neal to woo Barbara all over again. What has Barbara got that others haven't?

FOX'S "FOX"

New York, November 21.

The U.S. State Department is reported to have asked Twentieth Century Fox not to show their film "Desert Fox" in Germany. The picture depicts Rommel's life and "tends to glorify the career of the former Nazi general".

The department cannot ban the picture in the American zone in Germany and it is up to Twentieth Century Fox to make this decision.

It is high time American film producers concentrated on sensible themes rather than get mixed up in politics which they do not understand.

TONSILS & TELEVISION

Paris, December 2.

According to a survey published by the UNESCO, India ranks second in film production, the first place going to America. Japan ranks third, Italy fourth and France fifth.

There are 100,000 movie theatres in the entire world out of which 20,239 are in America. There are 224 million radio sets and 15 million television sets. But U.S.A. possesses the largest number of individual television sets—13,400,000 out of the world's total of 15 million. Great Britain has 1 million sets, Soviet Union 50,000 and France 30,000.

Let us hope India gets television soon so that we can see the tonsils of our white-capped leaders whenever they open their mouths to tell us new lies.

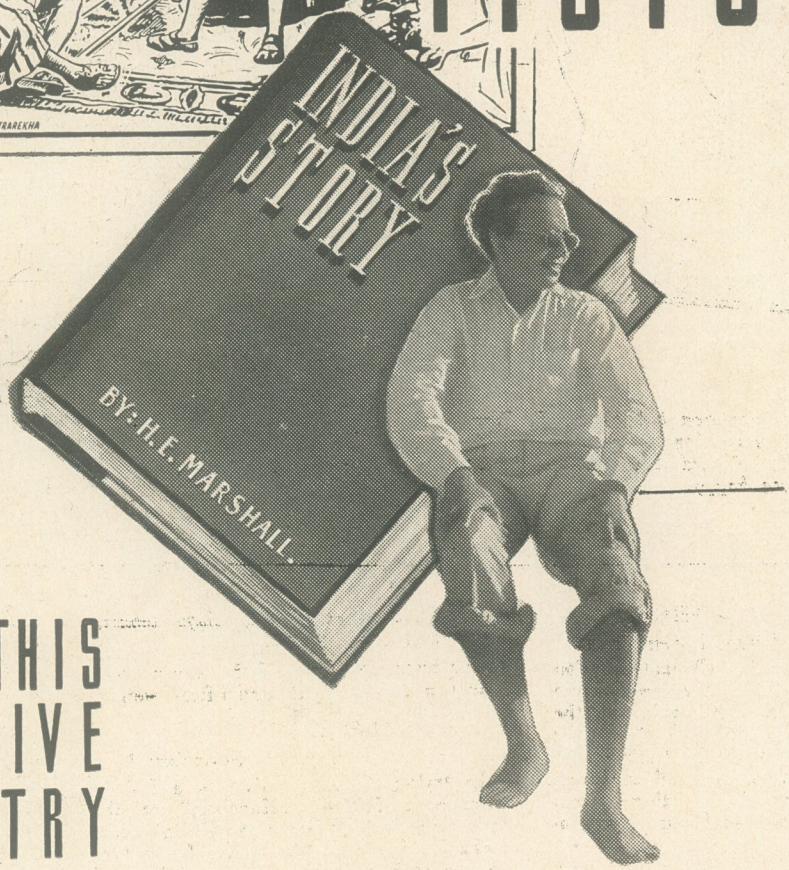
RESTLESS!

Hollywood, November 20.

Charlie Chaplin threatens to quit films for good, because he can't make pictures the way he wants to. "Limelight" which is being shot now, will be his last production. His studios are being sold for $1,470,000.

THIS PICTURE

THIS BOOK



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6A, Ferreira Mansion, Mahim, Bombay.

That is a favourite pose with film directors. They, however, don't put Gope in that pose. Here is Sumitra resting a bit in "Ghunghroo", produced by Filmkar Ltd. and directed by Hiren Bose.

INCENTIVE TO TALK!

Madras, November 22.

The Government of Madras have appointed the following as members of the Motion Picture Academy till 30th April 1952:—

The Mayor of Madras, the Director of Information and Publicity, Dr. A. L. Mudaliar, Dr. Krishna Pillai, Messrs. A. Arunachalam, A. Ramiah, A. V. Meiyappa Chettiar, Y. V. Rao, K. S. Narayana Iyengar, V. L. Narasu, V. Nagiah, A. T. Krishnaswamy, V. Sadasiva Brahmam, K. Subramaniam, V. Varaprasada Rao, S. V. Venkataraman, O. Ramachandra Rao, K. Ramnoth, A. Krishnan, A. K. Sekar, V. B. Natarajan, Mazid, A. K. Kazi, R. Ramaswamy, T. V. Ramanath, P. Sitaramayya, R. Krishnamurthy, Acharya Atreya, S. B. P. Pattabhirama Rao, Smt. Kuttimalu Amma and Smt. P. Kannamba.

With this formidable crowd there might be photo-finishes in many decisions.

SOME RELIEF!

Bombay, November 18.

A film vault in Moghul Lane, Mahim, caught fire on Saturday the 17th November. The fire was brought under control after 15 minutes. The fire fighting operations were rendered more difficult by the vault being closed.

The cause of the fire is not known but the film vault was completely gutted.

CLASHING BOTTOMS!

Paris, November 21.

A Paris Insurance firm refused to pay compensation to a musician whose drum got broken when a nude dancer fell into it at the Folies Bergere.

The firm says that it was not an accident but the result of one chorus girl bumping into another to "settle accounts".

In this feminine settling of accounts, the poor musician's bank account suffered unnecessarily.

THE JEW!

Bombay, November 15.

Presidency Magistrate Mr. H. S. Ursekar, Bombay Central Court, fined Jacob Solomon Rs. 100|- for reselling cinema tickets in front of a theatre at Lamington Road, Bombay. The accused is reported to have sold 51 Rs. 1|5|- tickets.

Blackmarketing of tickets outside cinemas is a common sight and if the police are vigilant, more culprits can be brought to book.

SLOWING DOWN!

Bombay, December 3.

During the first half of 1951 Western India produced 62 feature films as against 144 during the full year 1950 and 174 during 1949. The latest statistics reveal that there are 2598 permanent 35 mm theatres in India and about 600 touring cinemas.

ELEPHANT BOY!

London, December 4.

Sabu has arrived in London with his wife Marilyn and ten month old son Paul.

He is performing a circus turn with 15 elephants at Harringay. He said: "The two elephants—Salty and Saucy are sure to remember me. It is quite true that elephants never forget people, although they often forget tricks".

And people always remember Sabu as an elephant boy.

BURNING OIL!

Teheran, November 15.

Teheran's drama theatre, Saadi, was closed by the police owing to the rowdy behaviour of some of the members belonging to the Tudeh (Communist) Party. There was a demonstration outside when armed police troops and firemen clashed with the demonstrators. Forty of the actors and actresses of the Tudeh Party entered the theatre but they were immediately locked in by the police. On the other side of the street, there were anti Communist members of the National Front and followers of Abdul Ghassem Kashani.

The drama of the Tudeh Party was evidently staged outside the theatre!

NO NUMBERING!

Bombay, November 5.

Ismail Khwaja Husain's plea in the Corporation that seats in the lower classes of cinema houses should also be numbered, was thrown out by the Congress majority.

The present seating arrangement of the lower classes often gives rise to un-

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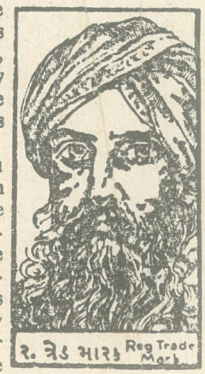

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KAMINI RETURNS

to bring sunshine into the life of a man who lived in the shadow of his past....

IN

National Films'

"SAYA"

WITH

BALRAJ SAHNI

Produced by : PRAN NATH NAIR

Directed by K. M. MULTANI

Music by: ANIL BISWAS

Written by : KRISHAN CHANDAR

Contact : NATIONAL FILMS, NATIONAL HOUSE, TULLOCH RD., APOLLO BUNDER, BOMBAY.

The "Big Four" Nations are at it again. The Atom Bomb is once again the subject of discussion in Paris. Paris, Nov., 30.

pleasant quarrels amongst filmgoers who rush in to get the best seats available. Numbering these seats like the higher class ones would have secured a measure of uniformity in the theatres.

And yet, we are told, that the Congress believes in democratic and progressive methods.

WHAT WORK?

New York, November 26.

How many total "man-hours" are spent annually by men, women and children all over the world in seeing motion pictures? A rough statistical calculation comes to 50,000,000,000 hours—that is 50 billion man hours.

Which means that the popularity of the motion picture is as strong as ever before in spite of television.

CHOW CHOW INDUSTRY!

Peking, November 28.

With Chinese goodwill missions touring the whole of India from north to south, some facts about China's film industry will not be out of place.

China has three main production centres: Shanghai, Peking and Chang Chun (Manchuria). Films made in Chang Chun usually have a better quality and wider appeal in China. 70 feature films were produced last year.

An average Chinese film costs about 2½ lakhs of rupees. There is no star system in China and directors get higher salaries than stars. The highest salary paid to any film director, artist or technician is 500 rupees a month.

Formerly Chinese films had songs in every picture but nowadays they make more and more documentary, educational and propaganda films. Kissing is allowed on the screen though directors rarely take advantage of it.

Most of the film studios are owned by the State, which is natural in a Communist state. Scripts are written by the Scenario Department of the Central Film Bureau and handed over to directors.

Though film making in China dates back to 1909, good films were produced only recently some of them being : "Long is the journey", "The River Flows East" and "All the Families".

QUO VADIS!

Hollywood, November 26.

M.G.M. claims to have made "Quo Vadis" the costliest picture in motion picture industry. A good part of it was shot in Cinecitta Studios in Rome and the cost of the picture is said to be 6,500,000 dollars. "Gone With The Wind" had cost only 4 million dollars.

30,000 extras and 63 lions were used, while the Fire of Rome (which burnt for 9 days in history) was kept burning for 24 days for film shooting.

Now watch M.G.M.'s local manager burning the town to run the film.

A CHILD PER SEED

Hollywood, November 20.

Pretty film star Jeanne Crain follows the ritual of planting a sequoia seed in her garden every time she gets a child. She has three sons now and each youngster's name and date is buried in the ground with the seed.

Jeanne seems to be copying our Jungle Boy Munshi's principle of Vanamahotsav!

COST OF LIVING!

Hollywood, November 26.

Hero of many hits, popular actor William Powell is all smiles at the plans formulated by M.G.M. regarding his pension. Under this scheme he can draw $49,700 per year as long as he lives. And he can also make one film a year.

MORE DOUGH!

Hollywood, November 16.

The Screen Actors Guild seems to be an active association agitating for one demand or other. They have now asked for an outright ban against the showing on television of theatrical films produced before August 1, 1948, until producers give extra pay for the actors. They also want to raise the scale of the day players from $55 to $100 per day and those of free lance actors from$175 to $375 per week.

CELLULOID PROFITS

Washington D.C., November 20.

According to statistics furnished by the Department of Commerce, Americans spent $1,235,000,000 on admissions to motion picture theatres in 1950. This was 8% less than in 1949 and the smallest amount since 1943.

Taxes on admission to cinemas formed 75% of the Bureau of Internal Revenue's general admission tax collections each year.

Film corporations earned $82,000,000 after paying Federal and State income taxes and excess profits taxes in 1950. In 1949 it was $99,000,000, the peak being $187,000,000 in 1946.

The film industry contributed $874,000,000 to the national income in 1950, compared with $904,000,000 in 1948 and $908,000,000 in 1949. In wages and salaries, the industry spent $651,000,000 as against $655,000,000 in 1948 and $657,000,000 in 1949.

INVASION

Zurich, November 19.

2000 cinemas were shown the first television show in colour. The method used was a Swiss wartime invention.

An American Picture corporation is reported to have made an agreement with British film interests for its use in America.

DEMOCRATIC RECEPTION

Berlin, November 26.

There was a demonstration outside the theatre where the controversial anti-Communist picture "Crossroads of Freedom" was being shown. Rotten eggs, protest leaflets and stink bombs were strewn all over the place. All the exits had to be opened to let out the foul odour.

The film picturizes conditions in Eastern Germany and in Polish administered German provinces. It has been banned by the Industries Voluntary Control Board at Wiesbaden unless certain nationalist expressions are removed from the dialogue. The version which created trouble at the theatre was uncut because the producers said that they were not bound to abide by the Board's decision in Berlin.

FEMALES MEASURED

Sydney, November 28.

Corset expert Aileen Gray who recently made a round-the-world trip, believes that there is no such thing as the perfect figure.

She arrived at the following conclusions after measuring a thousand women:—Continental—typically "Parisienne" with big bust and tiny waist; Swayback—smallish bust and hips with indipping back; Duchess—the frankly fat type and Average—women who have no more than three inches difference between hips and busts measurements.

Englishwomen mostly had the Duchess type of figure and so do our Meenas, Suraiyas and Nalini Jaywants of the screen.

STEEL SHORTAGE

Washington D.C., November 17.

In a nationwide scrap drive for collecting iron and steel scrap, Hollywood studios —M.G.M., Paramount, Warners, 20th Century Fox and Universal, uncovered more than 100 tons of such material.

The National Production Authority said: "One hundred tons of scrap recovered means 400 tons of new steel produced". The scrap was obtained from copper buss bars, obsolete electric motors, cable, wire, processing machines, sound devices, lighting equipment and props.

RACIAL DEMOCRACY

New York, November 17.

The Maryland State Censor Board did not pass United Artists' "The Well" because it contained the usual controversial race problem. The chairman of the board said he would not pass the film unless he got the reactions of different groups. The case is likely to be fought out in the court to decide censorship laws.

FIRE-PROOF, EH?

Udipi, November 19.

A thatched cinema theatre was gutted in a fire which broke out on the midnight of 18th November. The local fire service staff took time to bring the fire under control. Loss is estimated at Rs. 8,000|-.

QUICK WORK!

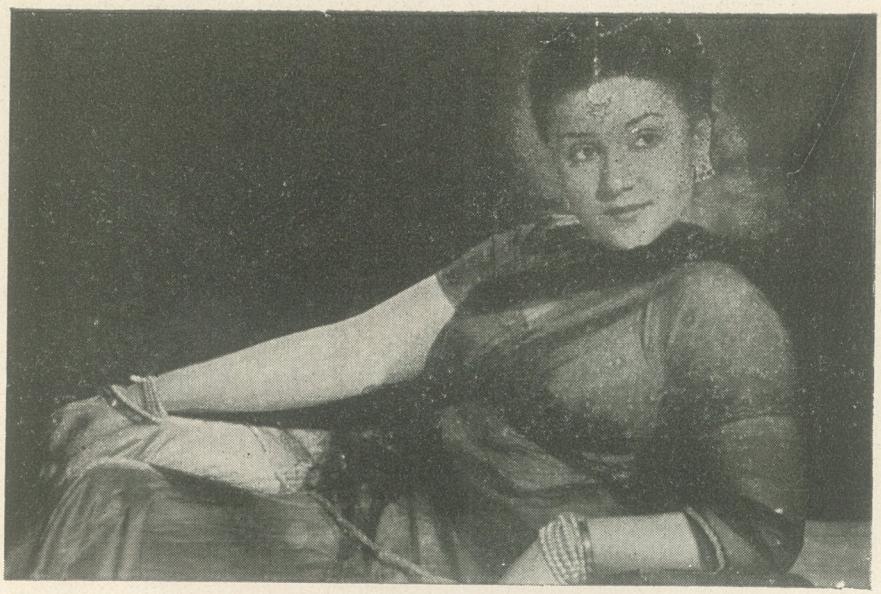
Hollywood, November 18.

Faith Domergue, a Howard Hughes' discovery, became mother of a bonny son. She is the wife of Producer Hugo Fregonese.

MORE BUNK!

New York, November 30.

American women have started a new vogue in hair-dos called rainbow hair-dos. To match their moods, they can select different hues and put them in their hair. Names of colours are: Spring Lilac, Tahitian Rose, Paradise Blue, Silver Sha-



Rehana seems to have developed a weighty personality in "Ada", a social story produced and directed by Devendra Goel.

dow and Gold Mist. It is not a dye or tint but a spray that washes out immediately.

Some beauty firms hope to take out a new colour streak every month. According to a beauty expert, men in California have taken to the Silver Mist streak to get the "distinguished look".

But how can rainbow colours keep pace with the lightning mood changes of the American girl?

MORARJI SLAPPED!

New Delhi, November 23.

A Division Bench of the Supreme Court held on Friday that the Government of Bombay had no powers to cancel a licence once it was issued, for building a cinema house.

The Division Bench, while dismissing an appeal filed on behalf of the Commissioner of Police, Bombay, against an order of the State High Court directing the appellant to withdraw the order of cancellation passed by him in favour of the respondent, Gordhandas Bhanji, for building a cinema house, maintained that the order of cancellation was not passed by the Commissioner of Police. He appeared to have done so at the instance of the Bombay Government.

The judgment declared that, under Rule 250, the Commissioner of Police had been vested with absolute discretion at any time to cancel or suspend any licence which had been granted under the Rules. But the power to do so was vested in him and not in the State Government and could only be exercised by him at his own discretion. No other person or authority could do it.

The Court, therefore, directed the Commissioner of Police to "consider the requests made to him for the cancellation of the licence sanctioned by him and, after weighing all the different aspects of the matter and after bringing to bear his own unfettered judgment on the subject, himself to issue a definite and unambiguous order either cancelling or refusing to cancel the licence in the exercise of the absolute discretion vested in him by Rule 250 of the Rules for Licensing and Controlling Theatres and other places of Public Amusement in Bombay City, 1914."

The facts of the case, briefly, are that the respondent applied for permission to build a cinema house in Andheri, a suburb of Bombay. The application was rejected several times for different reasons. Ultimately, however, the Commissioner of Police accorded the necessary permission on July 14, 1947, presumably on the basis of the recommendations of the Cinema Advisory Committee.

This sanction occasioned representations to the Government, presumably by the "public", who were opposing the scheme, and the Commissioner wrote to the respondent on September 19, 1947, directing him not to proceed with the construction of the cinema house pending Government orders. Shortly after, on September 27, 1947 the Commissioner, having been directed by the Government, cancelled the permission granted on July 14, 1947.

NO MORE FACES!

Hollywood, November 16.

Leon Errol, a well-known stage and screen comedian, died at the age of 70. Born in Sydney, Australia, he first made his mark on the stage and began his career with a touring company. He worked on the Broadway stage for many years and thence to films. He was under contract to R.K.O. Some of his popular pictures are: "Mama Loves Papa", "Champ", "Gentlemen Joe Palooka" and "What A Blonde".

ANNUAL JUNK!

New York, December 15.

Hollywood producers made 441 pictures during 1951, out of which 96 were in colour. In 1950 the total number of features produced was 376 including 69 colour features. One company alone, Columbia, produced 64 pictures.

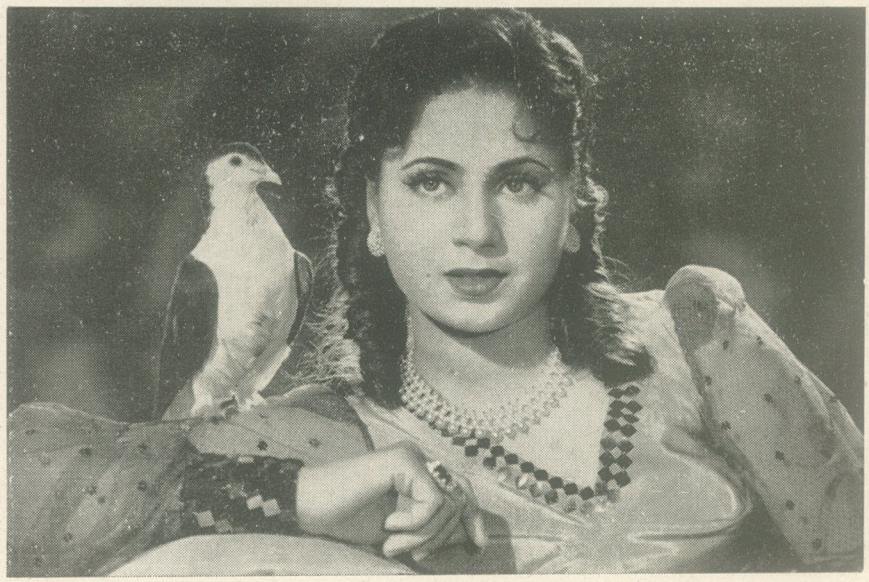
And yet, no one is impressed because Hollywood producers seem to keep a big eye on quantity and lose sight of quality these days.

SPREADING AMERICAN POISON!

New York, November 17.

The United States Government have also realized the necessity of a cultural drive through the medium of films. The State Department's Division of International Motion Pictures has, therefore, set aside ten million dollars for 1952. Twelve experts have been selected to guide the Film Division. The activity of the Film Division is, of course, linked up with the whole Voice of America programme.

Americans hope to dub more of their pictures in different foreign languages to emphasize the value of American democracy!



Geeta Bali plays a costume role in "Neelam Pari", directed by Dhirubhai Desai for Chandrakala Pictures.

Ram Singh, Majnu and Murad are planning to defeat the girls.

This seems to be a Burmese situation with Shyama wearing a Pagoda.

Stripes don't always make tigers. Sometimes goondas also wear them.

WOMEN ON

After Filmistan's wonderful entertainer, "Shrimatiji" is released, the four girls, who create a riot in it under Shyama's lead, are likely to be invited to be permanent office-bearers of the All-India Women's Conference.

These four girls turn liberty into license and under the pretext of being independent of men give the men a chase of their life-time. And they are not hungry girls but angry women who had sworn to look after themselves come what may.

It was superfluous to give them snake-costumes. It would have been enough to call them women.

D.D.NEROY

SNAP SHOTS FROM 'SHRIMATIJI' A FILMISTAN PICTURE

That guy does not know at whom to wink. And Shyama wonders what next?

There is no romance without the police peeping in as if loving is a crime in India.

THE MARCH!

That these women clash with men like Nasir Khan and ultimately come to love them can only be attributed to the Biblical weakness of their first ancestor, Eve.

But unless you see this riot of fun and laughter which Producer S. Mukherjee has created with the help of Director Johar you will not realize how thrilling can fast and furious entertainment be.

"Shrimatiji" is one long scream in the world of motion picture entertainment.

The girls make the crowds crazy. You can't help being crazy when youth travels on curves.

This Japanese guy has a strange way of making love to Shyama. A wrong thrust any way!

AMIYA CHAKRABARTY

Creator of "BADAL"

offers another colossus on celluloid

BADSHAH

Inspired by Victor Hugo's "THE HUNCH BACK OF NOTRE DAME"

STARRING

PREMNATH — *AS THE HUNCH BACK*

USHA KIRON — *AS THE DANCING WAIF*

MUSIC BY

SHANKAR JAIKISHAN

DIRECTED BY

AMIYA CHAKRABARTY

A MARS MOVIES PRODUCTION

207, Famous Cine Building—Haines Road—Mahalaxmi—Bombay.

Woes & Echoes

(This is the reader's forum—as and when space permits From the producer to the lay film-goer, every one can write to the Editor and ventilate his grievance. For every letter published in these columns, the publishers will pay Rs. 5| Letters should be signed and marked "Woes And Echoes". Photographs of the readers will be published along with their letters, if convenient.—The Editor.)

BETTER LATE!

"I was pleasantly surprised to read your review of 'Amar Bhoopali' in the October issue of 'Filmindia'. Frankly speaking I was under the impression that Shantaram can receive nothing but kicks from you irrespective of the worth of his pictures. That your pen is harsh not on individuals but their output, I have realised now. As my impression was an aspersion on your sincerity, I beg your pardon as a gentleman."

NEW DELHI. *Y. Thapar.*

NEHRU'S SECULAR STATE!

"It has been reported in the Press that the students of the Aligarh University expressed their grief at the murder of Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan in the following way:

(a) At midnight, on receipt of the news of the assassination of the late Pakistan Prime Minister, they marched in a procession, shouting pro-Pakistan slogans, to the residence of the Vice-Chancellor of the University and demanded that the University siren should be sounded at once for the purpose of closing the University the next day.

(b) On the Vice-Chancellor's asking them to disperse, they disobeyed his orders and proceeded to the University Hall and held a meeting at midnight.

(c) At this meeting, the Vice-Chancellor again requested the students to disperse peacefully. The Vice-President of the Students' Union also pleaded with the students against any rash exhibition of their feelings, but he was assaulted in the presence of the Vice-Chancellor and called at the office of the Union and forced to resign.

(d) And, finally, they took forcible possession of the University siren and sounded it, indicating that the University was closed the next day.

"The most regrettable part of the whole incident is that these happenings have come to the public notice only as a result of the statement issued to the Press by the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Zakir Hussain, who, being disgusted with the indiscipline among the students, has threatened to resign.

"To those who are acquainted with the activities of the students of this University in the pre-partition and post-partition days, such a sort of unruly behaviour caused no surprise!

"Surely, it would not be asking for the moon to request the Government of India to stop payment of Grant-in-Aid to a University which has been turned into a breeding ground for unpatriotic and communal activities. The tax-payer must be saved the disgrace of paying to keep such institutions going."

BOMBAY. *M. S. Lulla.*

WELL, PAUL?

"How one wishes, Mr. Patel, that Paul Zils could have selected a better commentator for his "Hindustan Hamara"? When he pronounces "Nratya" as "Niratya" and so on, as a Hindi, knowing, citizen one feels disgraced and is liable to think as to what sort of "Hindustan Hamara" is this?"

NAWALGARH. *B. Kapoor.*

I SALUTE "ASHOK"

"I would like to say a few words about the local "ASHOK" theatre. The theatre is quite a modern one with all the necessary equipments that satisfy a modern film-goer. The queue system is of a high order; 90% of the queue is formed inside the roofed-theatre so that people need not stand under the blazing sun. Further, those in the queue inside the theatre have fans above their heads. The seats are very good and there is plenty of space between two rows. The lavatories are in extremely good sanitary condition. Besides there are two big mirrors on one of the walls of the theatre. The Police and the Gurkhas keep a constant vigil and the rowdy elements in the theatre are cleared off quickly and easily. I was a witness to such an incident when I had been to see "Naujawan" there. Some rowdies fired crackers inside the theatre when the show was in progress, and they were immediately dragged to the Police Station. Do you not congratulate the authorities of the theatre for such an efficient management, Baburao?"

MADRAS. *S. Nageswara Rao.*

WARNED!

"Probably, it is a fact that India's currency is cheaper than Pakistan's. So naturally we expect Filmindia at a lower price. But you will be surprised to know that instead of paying less than the original price we are paying much more i.e. Rs. 3|12|-.

"In other words your agent in Pakistan is black marketing "Filmindia" (inspite of the fact that there are no signs of "White Capism" here!)

"I will request you to please warn the agent of Filmindia in Pakistan to behave like a gentleman."

PESHAWAR. *S. A. Khwaja.*

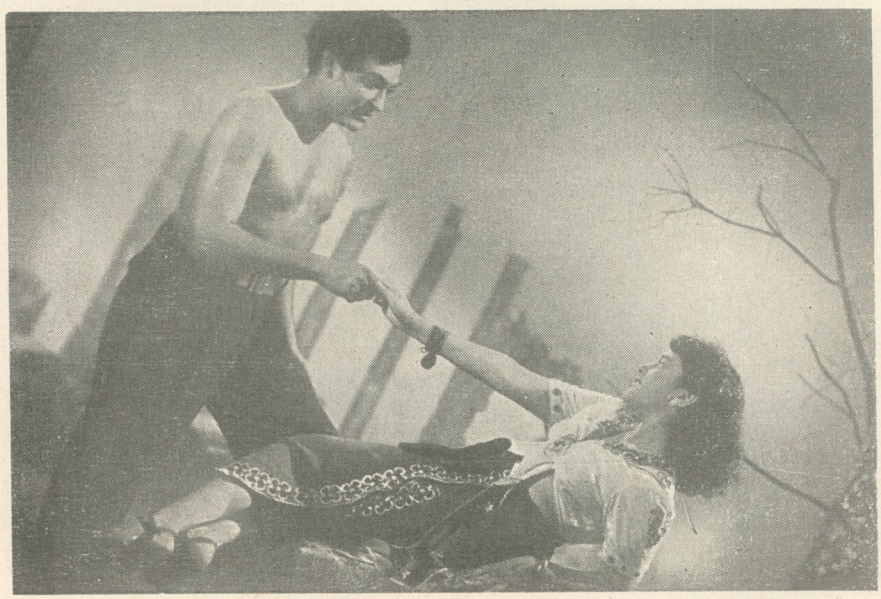
WELL SAID!

"The proposal of the police commissioner to display photographs of ex-convicts in city buses so as to warn the public to avoid such undesirable persons may at first sight appear laudable. But the scope of such dubious methods in combating crime is limited. These unfortunate people need sympathy and understanding from society and hence it is the duty of the state to rehabilitate them and bring them back to the fold of responsible and honest citizens. By such a display an ex-convict is made to feel that the world has not forgotten his shady past and he is prevented from making another honest beginning. The authorities would do well to adopt more human and sensible methods to root out crime."

MADRAS. *Miss M. Kasturi Devi.*

GOOD SUGGESTION!

"The local 'Vijay Talkies' is owned by one of the leading distributors, the Goodwill Pictures Ltd., of Delhi, and yet it is sorrowful to note that it is amongst



Ashok Kumar and Nalini Jaywant seem to be having a time of their life in "Naaz", a social story produced and directed by S. K. Ojha.

BHAGWAN ART PRODUCTION'S

BIGGEST LAUGH SHOW OF THE YEAR !

ALBELA

Starring

GEETA BALI & BHAGWAN

SUNDER ★ BADRIPRASAD ★ PRATIMA DEVI & Others

Music : C. RAMCHANDRA
Lyrics : Rajendra Krishna

Produced & Directed by
BHAGWAN

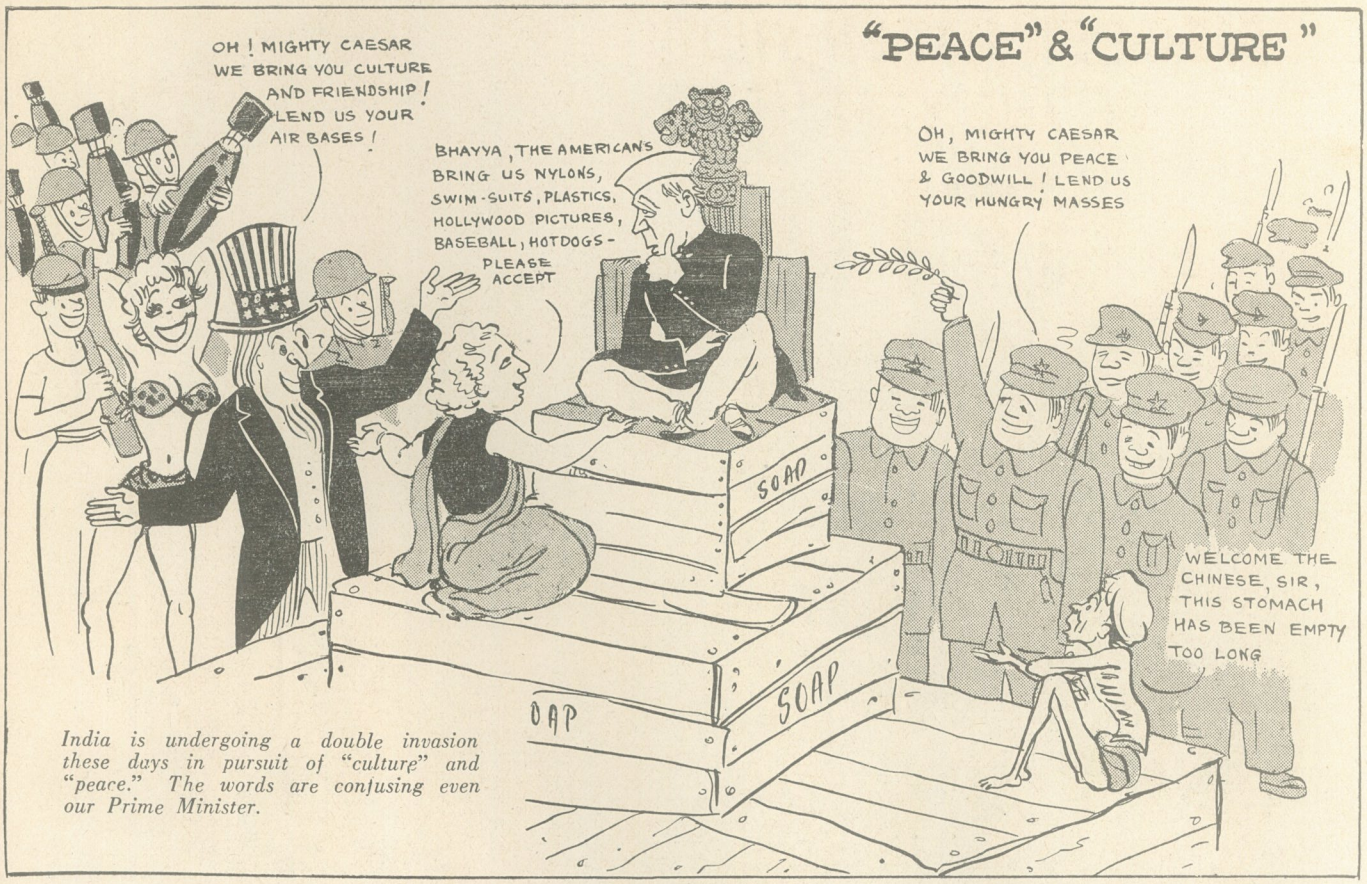
The Musical Sensation of 1951

Running to Capacity Houses in Bombay

IMPERIAL	..	..	.. **4th Week**
KISMAT	..	..	.. **4th Week**
POONA	..	..	.. **4th Week**

Whereever released the audience say the best show in town is **"ALBELA"**

Bombay Circuit:	**CINE RHYTHM, LAMINGTON ROAD, BOMBAY.**
Delhi, U.P.:	**SILVER SCREEN DISTRIBUTORS, DELHI.**
E. Punjab:	**NATIONAL FILMS, JULLUNDER CITY.**
Bengal:	**MANSATA FILM DISTRIBUTORS, CALCUTTA.**
C.P.C.I.:	**JANTA FILM EXCHANGE, BHUSAWAL.**
South:	**CHORAPPA & THIMMA REDDY, BANGALORE CITY.**


"PEACE" & "CULTURE"
OH ! MIGHTY CAESAR WE BRING YOU CULTURE AND FRIENDSHIP ! LEND US YOUR AIR BASES !
BHAYYA, THE AMERICANS BRING US NYLONS, SWIM-SUITS, PLASTICS, HOLLYWOOD PICTURES, BASEBALL, HOTDOGS - PLEASE ACCEPT
OH, MIGHTY CAESAR WE BRING YOU PEACE & GOODWILL ! LEND US YOUR HUNGRY MASSES
WELCOME THE CHINESE, SIR, THIS STOMACH HAS BEEN EMPTY TOO LONG
SOAP
SOAP
SOAP

India is undergoing a double invasion these days in pursuit of "culture" and "peace." The words are confusing even our Prime Minister.

the third rate cinema houses of the city. The light and the sound of the cinema are practically nil.

"As these distributors get many good pictures such as 'Kali Ghata', 'Hum Log' etc., they are screened in their own cinema house and therefore we are compelled to waste our money and also pity the good picture which is ruined by their bad showmanship.

"If these distributors cannot afford to renovate the cinema, why do they not give their good pictures to other better cinema houses and thus earn more profits?"

SAHARANPUR. *Mahendra Kishore.*

CHANGE THE NAME!

"When one visits once our 'Modern' theatre, he does not feel like visiting it a second time. The conditions are so bad. The huge crowd that stands in the Re. 1|10|- queue has to tolerate the unhealthy smell that comes from the lavatory. The mighty and the powerful push their way to the front of the queue. For this the ungentlemanly crowd is to be blamed more. But the management could easily get assistance from the police which they have never thought of. You pass through the ordeal in the queue and what do you get inside? Chairs that squeak, bugs that bite and smell that nauseates. Can anyone enjoy a picture in these conditions?"

BADULLA. *S. Eswaradhas.*

SAHU & HERCZEG

"While appreciating Mr. Kishore Sahu's bold rejoinder to the presumptuous Geza Herczeg, one cannot help feeling that Mr. Sahu was rather harsh with that fellow. We can accuse Mr. Herczeg of bad taste, the way he had been adopting a patronizing and superior attitude here in India, topping it with foolish harangue on "Gandhi and Shaw". But it will be wrong to attribute malice to him.

"The people who should be called to task are the trustees of Mahatma Gandhi's literary estate who for sheer mercenary motives sold away film rights of Gandhiji's life to a man whose understanding of the subject is symbolized by his conclusion regarding the community between Gandhi and Bernard Shaw. Really we cannot blame him. An American can either have contempt for Indian life and thought, or ridicule, or sympathy—never understanding. It is only too obvious if we consider the vast difference between our respective ways and values.

"That the Navjiwan Trust should have overlooked this fact is an unpardonable offence. How can we blame Geza Herczeg for losing his temper on being pulled up by Mr. Kishore Sahu, when the trustees of the Prophet had been so amenable to his "businesslike" approach?"

DELHI. *B. Sahai.*

O. K.

"A Daniel come to judgment. This is cent per cent true with regard to your leading article in the November 1951 issue of "filmindia" for, we have been in a sad predicament, caught as we were between the devil and the deep sea. With the Congress not having much to its credit by way of achievements to command our unqualified support and with so many mushroom parties in the field, we were really on the horns of a dilemma. You have now given us the lead and if we vote for the Congress, we do so not because it deserves our vote, but because you have advised us to do so. So, we are casting our votes not to the Congress but to Baburao and what Baburao stands for!"

HYDERABAD-DN. *B. T. Devanathan.*

VOTE WISELY!

"You have said it, sir! "Vote Rightly or Die Wrongly". To tell you frankly, in my 10 years of experience of Filmindia, I have not come across a better editorial than the one under reference. It is a regular Baburao's bombshell! While you have made no secret of the shortcomings of the Congress, you have, at the same time, given your verdict in unequivocal terms, as an honest and impartial critic and with the best interests of the country at heart.

"Filmindia has always been, is and will continue to be, so long as you have anything to do with it, a fount of wisdom, and anyone disregarding the words of wisdom contained therein, will be rendering the greatest disservice not only to the nation but also to himself. You have done —and done well—your duty. Now let me do mine. And this I shall do with a clear conscience."

CHINGLEPUT. *E. R. Vaidehi.*

NEW PREMIER Films PRESENT—

ASHOK KUMAR
NALINI JAYWANT

in

NauBahar

jointly Produced by-
ASHOK KUMAR
&
M.S AHLUWALIA

Directed by **Pt. ANAND KUMAR**

Music — **ROSHAN** • Photography — **KUMAR JAYWANT**

DISTRIBUTORS

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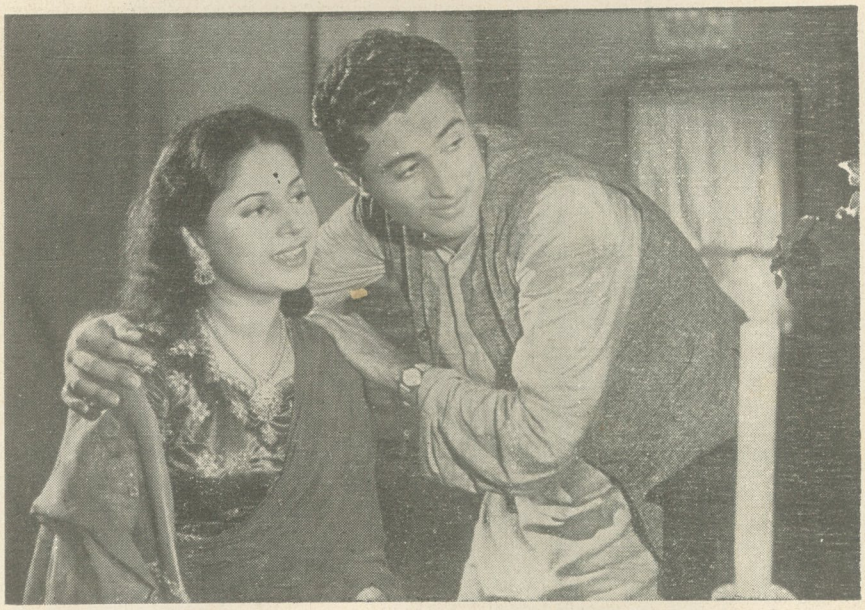


Dev Anand is a very helpful guy when he can push them by the shoulder. Well, Geeta Bali seems to like it in "Zalzala", produced and directed by Paul Zils for Art Films of Asia.

AND YET!

"Your editorial 'Vote rightly or die wrongly' has come just at the opportune moment. It will definitely go a long way in educating the voters' opinion and providing them with a correct appraisal of the situation. The multiplicity of parties and their programmes have done no better than confusing the mind of an average voter and thereby worsening the situation. At the same time a very critical and unstable future is in sight in view of the fact that the Republic of India has granted adult franchise to her people. This is a doubtful advantage for a country where the teeming millions are engrossed in steep ignorance and are politically unconscious, nay almost dead. To put it in other words this is a dangerous weapon placed in the hands of the masses of India. Hence in the existing set-up of things you have done a yeoman's service to the nation by publishing such an enlightening and informative article.

"There is no denying the fact that this popular magazine of the intelligentsia caters to the need of readers running in millions. It then follows logically that the message, serene and pure, embodied in your editorial will be conveyed to a good number of voters. It may thus considerably help in analysing and solving the problem confronting every voter, frustrated and agitated, who finds himself quite naturally puzzled and perturbed at the crossroads of elections.

"It amply bears testimony to your knowledge on Indian politics. You have given a masterly review of the tight corner in which all of us have been placed. Your remarks, "We have therefore to vote for the Congress not because it deserves support but because it is our only choice between bad and worse;" "And remember that not to vote at all is being unpatriotic," are startling truths and have high values. I wish piously our Ministers could read it in all earnestness."

ARRAH. *Prem Chandra Sinha.*

REPRODUCED ALL OVER!

"I am very much impressed with your lucid and brilliant editorial "Vote Rightly or Die Wrongly" in the November issue of "Filmindia". So much so, I have requested the Editor of the Tamil digest "Manjari", which is regularly reproducing selected questions and answers from the Editor's Mail column of your esteemed magazine, to publish a translation of the above article either in full or in a condensed form, so that your message may reach a wider public. Our people should be made to realise, above all things, that it would tantamount to a crime, if they refrained from exercising their franchise. What is the earthly use of holding elections on an unprecedented scale, if only a fraction of the people go to the polls as happened recently in Himachal Pradesh?"

MADRAS. *P. Krishnamurti.*

YES!

"Cinema theatres seem to belong to the same genus as mushrooms, for they sprout up with similar abundance. There are six of them in the same street in Bangalore city, adjoining each other, their total number being eleven in Mysore city and nearly thirty in Bangalore. Just as there is a clamour for controlling the growth of population, there is also a growing demand of discerning people to put a check on the morbid growth of picture houses. Their number should be strictly in proportion to the population of each town or city. Aren't you of the same opinion, Mr. Patel?"

MYSORE. *Miss Nagarathna.*

WELL, CLIFFORD?

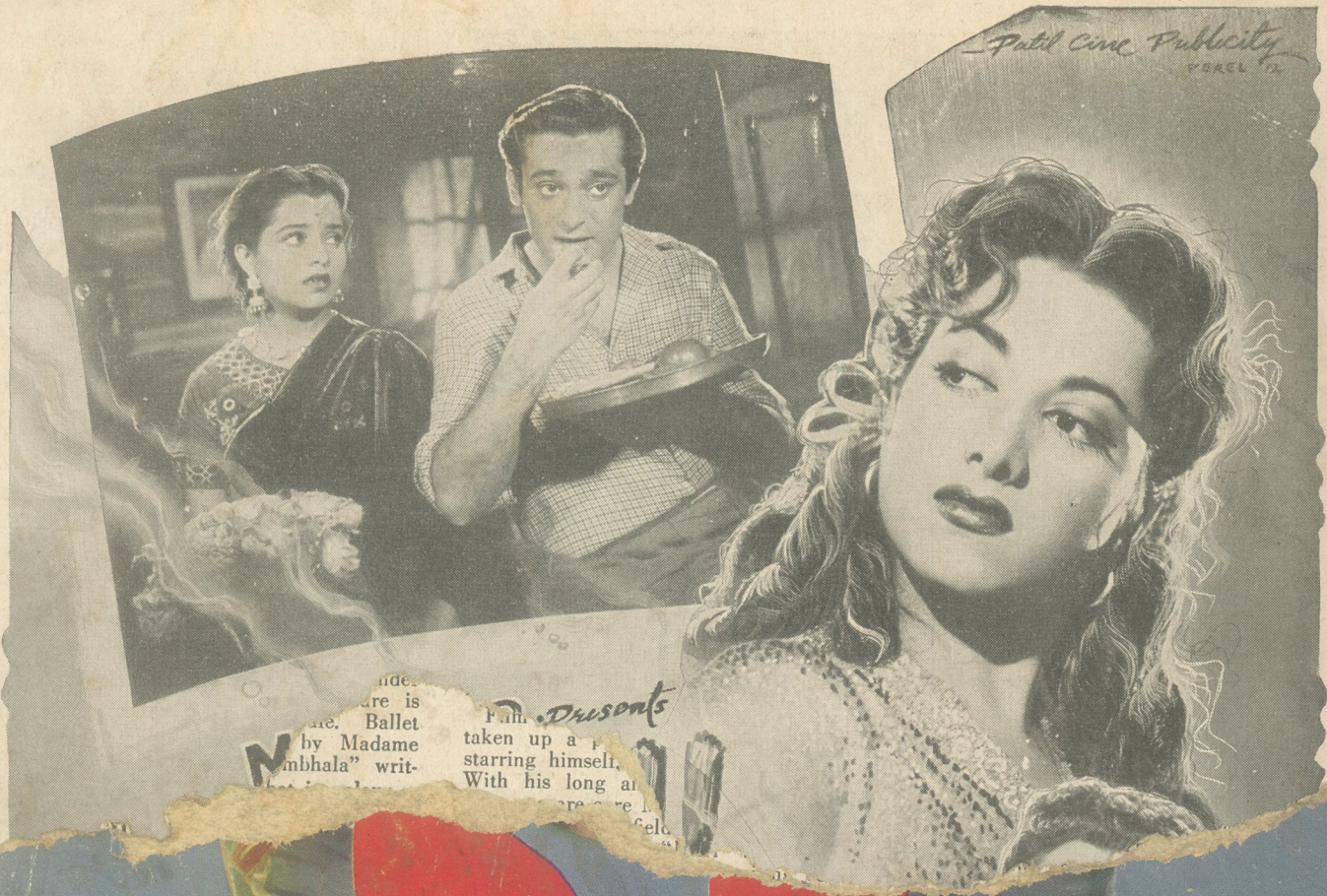
"While Filmindia abounds in eminently sensible criticism of Hindustani pictures, you do not appear to be taking sufficient notice of the orgies of filth and vulgarity contained in Punjabi Pictures. Yesterday I had the misfortune to see Kuldip's 'BALO' and believe me Mr. Patel, I was taken aback by the audacity of the producer in packing this picture with all sorts of vulgar jokes and obscene songs. The very first song sung by virgins is vulgar.

"To crown it all this picture has been classified as "UNIVERSAL". I wonder what Sir Clifford Agarwala and his Board are doing? If pictures like "BALO" can be classified as 'UNIVERSAL', it is better to abolish the distinction between "A" and "U" type of classification."

NEW DELHI. *Wazir Chand Chopra.*

Heera Sawant and Radha Kishin start a new love talk in "Saloni", a social story directed by J. P. Advani for Goodluck Pictures.

Contact: **M. & T. LTD.,**
Kurla Road, ANDHERI.



PF

PRODUCTIONS'

HANGAMA

Music
C. RAMCHANDRA

Produced & Directed By
RAM KAMLANI

Songs
RAJINDRA KRISHAN